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ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY 1, 1817. No. XIV.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The direction of Oscar *shall be attended to.*

We are under the necessity of repeating our intimation, that the notices in our Literary Intelligence are confined to works in the press. To those already published, we can only allot a place in our advertising sheet.

The Birthday Present *and* The Indulgent Husband *in our next.*

The long arrears due to some of our poetical correspondents have prevented our compliance with the wish of A Woman of Westmoreland *in our present Number.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 7.—A COTTAGE.

THE plan of this rural building is arranged for the accommodation of two ladies, whose establishment is three female servants and a gardener, his residence being at a small distance only from the cottage. Its situation combines the romantic with the rural, and as it affords the view of a beautiful piece of water, bounded by luxuriant overhanging woods, and a country rich in cultivated scenery, the existing deficiency of ground belonging to it is the less to be regretted; because these supply the effect of an extensive and well-arranged domain. The ground, in fact, on which it stands, is no larger than just to admit a moderate-sized kitchen-garden, and a small lawn and shrubbery, which is separated from the road, passing near the house, by a sloping fence, in the manner of a chevaux de frise. The ground-floor consists of a parlour, a small music-room, a dining-room, a book-room, a kitchen, larder, and ante-kitchen; the scullery and cellars are below, the stairs of which commence at A, under the best stairs: the chamber-floor contains five bed-rooms, four of them having fire-places.

As this cottage has been decorated with great care and some taste, a description of it will, perhaps, afford useful hints for similar embellishments.

The entrance is by a rustic porch supported by the stems of elm-trees; the little hall and staircase are decorated with trellising, composed of light lath and wicker basket-work, very neatly executed, and painted a dark green: this is placed against the papering of the walls and ceilings, which are of a deep buff colour. Flower-stands and brackets are attached at various parts from the bottom to the top of the staircase. The railing of the stairs being also of basket-work, the strings, &c. are painted buff or green, as the occasion required; for every part is so arranged, that the green may be relieved by buff, or the buff by the green. The most elegantly beautiful flower-

ing plants are selected as embellishments, and are tastefully disposed on the several flower-stands; thus the walls are every where adorned with them, and some are trained over the trellis of the ceilings, whence they hang in festoons and unite their branches: the plants are, however, introduced with a sparing hand, so as to allow each to be exhibited to advantage, and the whole arrangement has a light and tasteful effect. On the outside of each step of the stairs a bracket is affixed, on which small and equal-sized green earthenware garden-pots are placed, containing specimens of the most beautiful heath plants.

A small lobby connects the music-room, drawing-room, and parlour, so that they are *en suite:* in most cases it would have been preferred perhaps, that the two latter should have changed places with each other; in this instance it was otherwise, on account of the aspects. The parlour, the music-room, and this lobby are very simply and neatly decorated by compartments coloured in tints resembling an autumnal leaf, the yellow green of which forms the panels, and its mellower and pinky hues compose a very narrow border and style that surround them. The draperies are of buff chintz, in which sage-green leaves, and small pink and blue and white flowers prevail; the furniture is cane-coloured. Upright flower-stands of basket-work are placed in each angle of the room, and the veranda is constantly dressed with plants of the choicest scents and colours.

The drawing-room is fancifully ornamented with paper in imitation of bamboo and basket-work, in the colour of cane upon a sky-blue ground; each side is divided into compartments by pilasters, which support a sort of roofing and transverse bamboo rods, to which seem to be suspended the most exquisite works of the Chinese pencil: these are the best that have appeared in this country, and consist of views of their apartments, representations of the costume of the people, and of the natural history of China. A very able artist has further decorated this room, by painting a variety of Oriental plants, as supported by the pilasters, &c. about which they entwine, and arriving at the ceiling, they terminate, after spreading a short distance upon it.

The furniture and draperies are the same as in the parlour.

The book-room is coloured a tea-green, which is relieved by a lavender colour and brown.

The chambers are papered with a small and simple trellis pattern, and the draperies white, with a mixture of lavender colour and buff.

In the whole of this cottage there is no portion of gilding; the glasses are let into the walls and covered by the paper decorations; and even the book-bindings are unornamented by gold, the lettering being merely stamped upon them.

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

METHODS OF MAKING GOOD BREAD FROM UNSOUND FLOUR.

Mr. Davy, professor of chemistry to the Cork Institution, has ascertained by experiments, that carbonate of magnesia will correct the heaviness common to bread made of new flour, particularly after wet seasons. The proportion is from 20 to 40 grains to a pound of flour, according to the better or worse quality of the latter. The improvement of the bread depends upon the intimate mixture of the carbonate of magnesia with the flour, previous to the making of dough. Loaves made with this addition rise well in the oven; the bread is light and spungy, has a good taste, and keeps well. A pound of carbonate of magnesia would be sufficient to mix with 256 pounds of new flour, at the rate of 30 grains to the pound; and supposing the cost of the former to be half-a-crown, the additional expense would be only half a farthing to the pound of flour.

Mr. Robert Oastler, of Leeds, has found that carbonate of ammonia makes better bread with unsound flour than either carbonate of soda or salt of tartar. He gives the following directions for the use of it:—If the flour be not very unsound, for 14lbs. of it use one ounce of carbonate of ammonia, the cost of which is 3d. taking particular care to purchase where you may rely upon having it pure. This carbonate of ammonia should be dissolved in a little warm water, and then put into such further quantity of water as may be required for kneading the dough quite stiff. In case the flour be very bad, it might be well to take only 7lbs. of it to the ounce of carbonate of ammonia, as there is no danger in increasing the quantity of the latter, and the very worst flour may be rendered fit for use if sufficient of the carbonate be introduced. The carbonate should be kept closely corked up, to prevent evaporation. To try the unsoundness of flour, put a tablespoonful in a basin, and mix it with cold water till it is of the consistence of pudding-batter; then set a small pan upon the fire, with half a quarter of a pint of water; when this water is hot, but before it boils, pour in the batter, and let it boil three minutes. If sound, the flour will unite as a good sound pudding; if unsound, it breaks, curdles, and appears somewhat watery. Some attention, while it is warm, will lead to a judgment of the different degrees of unsoundness.

COMPOSITION FOR MAKING LEATHER AND OTHER ARTICLES WATER-PROOF.

Six gallons of linseed oil, one pound and a half of rosin, and four pounds and a half of red lead, litharge, or any other substance usually known under the denomination of driers, are to be boiled together, till they acquire sufficient consistence to adhere to the finger in strings when cooled upon a bit of glass or otherwise. It is then to be moved from the fire,

and, when sufficiently cooled, thinned, to about the consistence of sweet oil, with spirits of turpentine, of which it generally takes about six gallons. It is then left to settle for a day, when it is carefully poured off from the grounds, and about one pound and a half of ivory or lamp-black, and one pound and a half of Prussian blue, ground in linseed oil, added to and intimately mixed with it. It is then ready to be used as follows, on any description of leather, cloth, or other articles:—Having stirred up the liquid, lay it on with an even brush, until it bear out with an even gloss; then hang up the subject acted upon until the next day, when repeat the application as before, taking care to leave the surface thin and even as possible; and so on each successive day, until it has the desired appearance.

CURE FOR DYSENTERY, OR BOWEL COMPLAINT.

Let twenty grains of hippoo be infused in half a pint of brandy; let them be well shaken for twenty-four hours. The patient is to take a wine-glass full of it, fasting, four successive mornings; and for eight or ten days he is not to make use of any meat, fish, vegetables, or broth, but to live on bread and milk, or milk boiled on rice. The above quantity is intended for a grown person; therefore half of it will be sufficient for a child.

REMEDY FOR SWOLLEN CATTLE.

The following remedy for swollen cattle has never been known to fail; viz. six ounces of castor oil mixed with an equal quantity of vinegar; or if castor oil cannot be obtained, eight ounces of common sweet oil, with vinegar.

RECEIPT FOR ECONOMICAL WASHING.

Separate coarse and fine linen into two distinct tubs, and pour over them tepid or cold water. At the end of two days wring them well, and rub out foul spots with a very slight application of soap. —To give some idea of the proportion, we shall say, a quarter of a pound of common hard soap to two dozen of men's shirts. After rubbing out the spots, set the fine articles on the fire with cold water, in a clean boiler; and when the water just boils, turn over the clothes and lie into a clean tub. When cold enough to be touched, take little and little of the lie to wash the boiled linens, and so put them to bleach; or, if they cannot be conveniently spread on grass, wring and shake them out, and pour boiling water over them, till they can be handled for wringing in blue and water. The water which boiled these fine clothes will help to boil those of a coarser description, in the same manner; and two ounces of hard soap will suffice, in addition, to wash out the spots. The lie of the second boiling will clean the coarsest things. If the water is hard, two ounces of soda will be necessary to each boiling: the soda ought to be dissolved in hot water, and well mixed with the cold water, before the linen is thrown into it. Besides a great saving in soap, the work is done in much less time, and the linen saved from wearing out by severe friction in the common way.

FROSTED POTATOES.

After paring and scraping, let them lie in water an hour, and then boil them with a bit of saltpetre, which is said to take the sweetness quite away.

TO RESTORE DISCOLOURED PEARLS TO THEIR ORIGINAL WHITENESS.

Take a handful of bran and boil it in a saucepan with a pint of water; when it boils, pour the half of this water into a glazed earthen dish upon your string of pearls, leaving them to soak until the water is cool enough to rub them gently with your hands. When the water is quite cold, pour it off, and renew this process. Then pour clear lukewarm water into this dish, and rinse the pearls, without rubbing them, and repeat this a second time. Without wiping or unstringing them, lay them on writing-paper, which place on a board in a cellar for twenty-four hours.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

This improvement (strongly recommended by those who have practised it) is that of having *double sceps*, the one on the top of the other. When the lower scep is filled with honey, it is to be removed, after the bees are admitted (through a passage made to be opened for this purpose) into the upper scep; in this upper scep food must be put, and the bees will remain there, and fill it with honey. When it is filled, the bees are to be admitted into the former scep again, now to be replaced, after the food has been put into it, and the full scep taken away. By thus alternately removing the sceps, more honey will be collected than is usually procured, and the lives of the poor insects may be spared.

BUDS OF TREES.

Among the buds of trees there are some which do not spread out with the others, and which are called *dead eyes*, but which should rather be called *sleeping eyes*, for they may be brought out of that lethargy, even after it has continued for several years. It is generally owing to the tendency of the sap to go to the superior buds, and to elongate them into great branches. The lower buds, by this means, are deprived of the nourishing fluid. This is no inconvenience in the trees destined merely to produce wood, or to furnish shade; but in fruit-trees, in which we wish to dispose of the branches in a certain order, we are sometimes obliged to put grafts in the places which the *dead eyes* occupy, a method both tedious and uncertain. M. Morion de la Martiniere has practised a simpler and more certain method. It is, to make a small cut above the *dead eye*, in form of a *V* reversed, and as deep as the alburnum. By thus stopping the progress of the ascending sap, it is obliged to develope the bud, or to produce others.

CURE FOR STONE.

The following cure for stone is recommended on the authority of Mr. Partridge, a respectable farmer at Springfield, Essex:—A good handful of the fibres of garden leeks—not the leek part, but the fibres only—boiled in two quarts of water till it is reduced to one

quart. Take half a pint twice a day, when the stomach is most empty. A perseverance in this course will reduce stones in the bladder, so that they will come away, to the great relief of persons afflicted with that dreadful complaint; and from due repetition, a perfect cure may be expected.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

The following anecdotes of a man who possessed such various claims to distinction, and whose talents rank him, notwithstanding his failings, among the most eminent of his contemporaries, are extracted from the interesting account of his Life just published by Dr. Watkins:—

Miss Elizabeth Linley, the young lady with whom he was enamoured, shone as the principal luminary of Bath, both in personal charms and musical accomplishments. On her first performance she received the appellation of the Syren; but she had no sooner reached the age of fourteen, than she began to be known only by the name of the Angel, which, in a modified sense, as expressive of her ravishing harmony, graceful appearance, and polished demeanour, she richly merited. Before she was sixteen, all the young men of fashion at Bath were proud of enrolling themselves in the list of her admirers, which, as a matter of course, in a place devoted to idleness and dissipation, occasioned much talk and some scandal. The intimacy that subsisted between her family and that of one Captain Matthews increased the jealousy of those who wished to engross the attachment of the fascinating warbler to themselves; and it served also to sharpen the malice of those who envied both her charms and popularity.

Insinuations, surmises, and reports, were circulated about in the form of censure upon Matthews, who was a married man, for his particular attentions to Miss Linley; and though she was totally ignorant of the freedoms that were taken with her character, as well as innocent of having given cause for them, Matthews had the baseness, out of vanity, to encourage the spirit of defamation as a compliment paid to his gallantry. Scandal like this, however, was too common in that vortex of fashionable amusement to receive credence even by those who took a pleasure in giving it circulation. The old ladies, indeed, condemned the conduct of Captain Matthews in very affecting language; and the young ones the levity of Miss Linley in walking about with a married man, whose courtesy towards her redoubled in proportion as the world made it the subject of conversation. But, notwithstanding all this moralizing on the one hand, and astonishment on the other, the number of her admirers rather increased than lessened, and serious overtures of marriage were made to Mr. Linley on the part of

Mr. Walter Long, a gentleman of large fortune, whose property, amounting to two hundred thousand pounds, has since descended to Mrs. Wellesley Pole Long, of Wanstead-House. Mr. Long was a bachelor, considerably advanced in life, but his wealth, in the estimation of her prudent parents, was more than a counter-balance to the disparity of years. They very gladly accepted his proposals; but as the young lady was at that time under articles of apprenticeship to her father, it was stipulated that the lover should pay him one thousand pounds as an indemnification for the loss of her services.

Miss Linley received the addresses of Mr. Long at first with coldness; and when the offer of marriage, with the conditions, came under discussion, she objected very strongly to so unequal a match: but the persuasions of her family, and the arguments held out upon the advantages that would arise to all her connections from this splendid union, made such an impression, that she yielded her consent with reluctance, and preparations for the nuptials were accordingly made. In the mean time the lady withdrew from public exhibitions, and nothing was talked of at Bath but the approaching wedding, which excited envy enough in the female circles, and no small portion of chagrin and disappointment among the young men who had been contending with each other for this fair prize. While female expectation was thus on the wing, and the mortified spirits of the men were brooding in apprehension, a new scene suddenly occurred for the exercise of observation, and the encouragement of desire. The dresses were made, and the day for the solemnity was fixed, when, all at once, the young lady altered her mind, and told her father in plain terms, "That if she married at all she would do so to be free, and not to be a slave." In this resolution she persisted with uncommon firmness, though she had to conflict with the remonstrances of some and the reproaches of others, the entreaties of her friends, and the ridicule of the malignant.

Numerous were the conjectures, and different were the stories told upon this occasion. By one party the blame was cast upon the lady; but in general the censure fell upon the capricious lover: and that this was just appeared evident from the circumstances of the case, when the father claimed and received a remuneration for the damage which he had sustained in the temporary suspension of his daughter's performances at the public concerts. To such a remuneration he certainly would have been entitled, nor could he have supported a demand of that kind had the cause of the breach rested solely with the young lady; but it is a curious fact, that this affair was subjected to an arbitration in the same formal manner as if it had been a mere matter of bargain and sale in the way of trade. The business, of course, was regularly and minutely investigated; and the arbitrators on both sides gave their decree, that Mr. Long should pay one thousand pounds to the father in trust for his daughter when she should come of age.

This singular affair made a great noise in the fashionable world, but

though it afforded abundant matter for idle conversation, it produced no effects injurious to the reputation of Miss Linley, unless the circumstance of her being dramatized as the "Maid of Bath" by the modern Aristophanes could be considered in that light. Foote, whose piercing genius was always on the alert to pounce upon subjects for comic representation, gladly seized upon this romantic history, which, in all its incidents and characters, wore a complete theatrical appearance.

Some time before this separation, Mr. Charles Francis Sheridan (elder brother of Richard Brinsley S.) had made a declaration of his passion for Miss Linley, but without the approbation of his own father, or the encouragement of the parents of the lady. The weighty pretensions of Mr. Long extinguished his hopes; which were, however, rekindled with greater ardour after this determined opposition to a discordant union, that had nothing to recommend it but a mercenary policy.

Though the lady had not given any particular encouragement to Charles, he very naturally attributed her refusal of Mr. Long to a tender sentiment in favour of a lover somewhat more engaging in his appearance, and nearer to her own age. Having no reason to think that he was disagreeable to her, or that his attentions were unacceptable, he flattered himself that a renewal of his addresses would be rewarded by her hand. But at the moment when he was indulging this expectation, a much more formidable rival than Mr. Long had gained complete possession of that heart for which so many were still in eager contention.

The eyes of lovers are generally quick and penetrating into all the movements and connections of those to whom they are attached; yet, in the present instance, it was remarkable enough that Charles witnessed the lively freedoms which passed between his brother and Miss Linley without forming the least suspicion of the real cause. So far, indeed, was he from being jealous on account of their repeated interviews, that he seemed to take a pleasure in them, most probably from a confidence that his interest was strengthened and secured by this friendship and familiarity. It would be carrying moral reflection a little too far to pass any severe animadversion upon the duplicity with which the young lovers acted, although it is impossible to justify their conduct from the charge of insincerity and want of candour. While Charles continued his addresses, and his brother was made his confidant, the latter was in the daily practice of meeting her at the house of Captain Matthews, or in the walks near Bath.

By these assiduous attentions, Mr. Richard Sheridan completely triumphed over all his rivals; and his brother, finding that his cause was hopeless, had the fortitude to relinquish his pursuit without manifesting any enmity on his disappointment. The father, however, of Mr. Sheridan was inexorably adverse to the match, but for what reason it would be difficult to guess, since it must be admitted, that the rational ground of objection lay solely on the other side. Mr. Lin-

ley had carefully educated his daughter, and brought her forward in public life, with an assurance that her commanding talents, independently of her personal charms, must, in no great length of time, realize a fortune. Sheridan, on the contrary, had neither a shilling that he could call his own, nor a profession by which he might expect to rise in the world. His father had great difficulty to rear up his family; and when they were advanced to maturity, they still lay as a burthen upon his hands. They kept, it is true, the best company at Bath, which being the resort of the fashionable and the idle, the gay and the wealthy, of both sexes, held out many powerful inducements to accomplished men without income, by promising them an advantageous settlement in marriage, or an easy maintenance by gaming. On what principles Mr. Thomas Sheridan opposed the marriage of his son and Miss Linley can hardly be surmised, since the fact of her being a public singer at concerts and oratorios was to the full as honourable as that of his exhibiting Charles Francis Sheridan in the character of an orator at the age of twelve, or his own repeated performances upon the English and Irish stages. If his resistance proceeded from the consciousness that his son wanted the means to provide for a family, the blame chiefly recoiled upon himself, in having neglected to cultivate the fine talents of the youth by such an application as would have rendered him independent. It has been said, that "love is an idle man's business:" but though in such cases it may be pursued with great alacrity and romantic perseverance, it is seldom productive of happiness; because, when the motive has ceased, idleness still remains, with its usual consequences, unless the moral spring is properly directed by some honourable employment.

On the departure of old Mr. Sheridan for Ireland, his youngest son seized the opportunity of persuading Miss Linley to elope with him to the Continent; but finding there was an obstacle to their marriage in France, he had the prudence to place his mistress in one of the convents which admitted boarders, without any objection to their religious sentiments. Here she was found by her father, and conveyed to England, followed by her lover, who had an immediate occasion to vindicate the young lady's reputation, as well as his own honour, in consequence of evil reports that had been industriously circulated, and even printed, during their absence.

When the flight took place it naturally became the subject of conversation at Bath, where, from the known intimacy that had subsisted between Matthews and Sheridan, and from a variety of circumstances, it was freely said, that the former must have been concerned in the elopement. The conjecture was perfectly natural and well founded; but Matthews thought proper to deny all knowledge of the transaction, and he went so far as to throw out reflections injurious to the reputation of Miss Linley and her lover. The matter found its way into the newspapers; and the *Bath Herald* contained some animadversions upon the fugitives,

which excited much attention, as evidently coming from the pen of one who must have been well acquainted with their affairs and former history. Sheridan could not long be ignorant of these dastardly attempts to injure his honour, and to destroy the peace of one who had a claim upon him for the protection of her character. Having traced with certainty the calumny, which had been so scandalously propagated, to the original author, our hero instantly proceeded to Bath; but his arrival there was no sooner known than Matthews thought it most expedient to decamp for London, where he was as closely pursued by the man whom he had betrayed and abused. He was discovered in a tavern at the corner of Henrietta-street and Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, and the parties being resolutely bent, they both drew their swords, while Mr. Charles Sheridan alone acted as the second in the fray. The rencontre was desperate, for each was a complete master of the weapon; but, after a display of much courage and skill, Matthews was disarmed and thrown upon the floor, in which situation he sued for his life. In addition to this, he signed a confession of the falsehoods which he had caused to be circulated; and this declaration was immediately published in the journal where the original paragraphs from the same hand had appeared. The vanquished party being thus completely covered with disgrace, retired to his estate in Glamorganshire; but even there he could not be free from the observations of his neighbours, for the whole story quickly spread throughout the kingdom, especially as the duel was one out of the ordinary practice of single combat in this country.

Stung by the sarcasms of his old companions, and irritated at being thrown out of the gay circle where he had been considered as a leader, Matthews became almost frantic with rage; and though conscience told him, that the blood of another could not obliterate the signature which he had affixed to his own confession of treachery, he resolved to perish in the attempt to get revenge. Accordingly he returned once more to Bath, and immediately caused a message to be delivered to Sheridan, demanding another meeting. This the latter might have declined by all the rules of duelling and upon every principle of strict honour, for his antagonist having already, when defeated, obtained the grant of his life upon a condition that fixed upon him a mark of odium, had no right to the interview which he now sought. But though the friends whom Mr. Sheridan consulted on this occasion remonstrated in strong terms, and in conclusive arguments, on the impropriety of complying with the requisition, his lofty spirit could not brook the idea of sheltering himself from a conflict under any plea whatever. It was accordingly settled, that the parties should meet at four in the morning on Kingsdown, near Bath, each attended by his second; who were, however, peremptorily interdicted from interfering their offices during the contest. Punctually at the time appointed the combatants appeared on the ground, and after a discharge of pistols,

neither of which took effect, they drew their swords. The onset was most desperate, and plainly indicated a fierce resolution on both sides to carry matters to the last extremity. Sheridan, indeed, endeavoured to disarm his adversary as he had done before, but in this he was foiled by the address of Matthews, and they closed. The struggle was now most desperate, and betrayed uncommon strength of muscular power, with mental energy, passion, and skill. After inflicting some severe wounds, they came to the ground, and in the fall both their swords were broken. Matthews having now greatly the advantage by being uppermost, pressed hard upon Sheridan, and exultingly demanded, whether he would beg his life; for which he received for answer, that "he scorned it:" and the conflict was renewed even in that awkward situation with all the fury that had marked it from the commencement.

They mangled each other for some time with their broken swords: the point of that of Matthews remained sticking partly in the cheek and ear of Sheridan, who, being at length completely exhausted with the loss of blood, fainted upon the spot, in which situation he was removed to a chaise, and conveyed to Bath; Matthews and his friend at the same time setting off in another for London. Thus ended this memorable duel, which, in many particulars, though happily not in the result, very nearly resembled the deadly one between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce in the reign of James I. as described by the survivor in a circular letter, of which a copy is inserted in one of the numbers of the *Guardian*.

Mr. Sheridan's wounds were serious, but not fatal, and in consequence of them he was obliged to keep his bed some weeks, during part of which time he was kept by his medical attendants in a quiet state, without being visited by any of his friends. Miss Linley was uncommonly afflicted by what had happened, and her distress was aggravated in being prevented from seeing him, though she even begged that favour "as a wife." They were not, however, at this time actually married, but the vows which they had interchanged were considered by each as equally binding with a more formal obligation. The heroism displayed on the late occasion could not fail to endear Miss Linley to her lover; but her attachment was, if possible, rendered more ardent by the opposition to the union still kept up by her friends. They pleaded, and no doubt with great plausibility, that as Mr. Sheridan had neither a fortune, calling, or expectancy, whatever might be his merits and talents, marriage with him must be attended with trouble and misery. To remove this obstacle, Mr. Sheridan declared his intention of following the law, in which profession it was natural to expect that his ability would be distinguished by great practice and high promotion. With this view he was entered a member of the Middle Temple on the 6th of April, 1773, and admitted into commons in Hilary term the following year. Having, in some degree, thus overcome the objections that were made to his pretensions, the con-

sent of the Linley family was obtained to an alliance, which they were aware must eventually take place; and, accordingly, the young couple were united by licence on the 13th of April, 1773, he being in his twenty-second and she in her nineteenth year.

MISCELLANIES.

Plate 8.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER II.

"You will only stop the night here, I suppose?" said the landlord of the *Hereditary Prince* to me as I alighted.—Prodigiously inquisitive! thought I, without making any answer. He shewed me into a room, and endeavoured once more to begin a conversation.—"You will hardly go to court, I should think, any more than ——" —"And why should you think so?" cried I angrily, as if he had said something impertinent. The man was frightened. "I should—conclude so—" stammered he, "——begging your pardon, sir,—from your physiognomy."—"What the d——l," rejoined I, stamping furiously on the floor and dashing my fur-cap upon the table, "has this quackery found its way already into every petty pot-house?"

The honest host was quite disconcerted by my vehemence; a deep flush overspread his face; he sought to give his voice a milder tone, while he drew up the window-curtains, and then turning to me, "Sir," said he, "forgive my precipitancy; but perhaps you are not aware, that our court is distinguished above all others by the contented faces which it exhibits. Now I may be mistaken; but it appeared to me as if your countenance bore traces of what is commonly called spleen—and so I thought farther: This gentleman's face is as little adapted to our court as our court to his face. I had therefore no other object with my question than to ascertain how to provide suitable entertainment for you in my——"—"Well, well," said I, interrupting him, "if it was only to create an opportunity of praising your prince, I have nothing against it. I esteem him myself for his benevolent disposition, and forgive your strictures on my face, on account of your good intention. An invalid, like me, indeed does not think of penetrating into the chambers and ante-chambers of princes; that is a foible of the healthy alone, who are capable of enduring hardships. For the present, I want nothing that can remind me of the great except a *bouillon à la reine* and a good bed."—"You shall have both immediately," replied the honest fellow, and he was as good as his word.

If you should ever visit Carlsruh, I recommend this man's house to you. It was not mere pretence that he studied his guests; for he took the greatest pains to gratify all my whims. I had a very tole-

rable night under his roof, and next morning the horses were ready at the appointed time.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, Heaven granted me a fine, serene day; but what contributed still more to make me cheerful, was the aspect of the pleasant well-cultivated country through which I was travelling. My jaundiced eyes seemed refreshed whenever I looked around, and convinced me that the sovereign of this principality must be a good man: for it is under such alone that we behold nature so smiling, towns and villages so populous and flourishing, youth so rosy-cheeked, and age so vigorous. The influence of a worthy ruler on the moral improvement of his subjects is here equally evident and affecting. Against such a governor one who thinks as he ought, can have nothing to object, were he even as diseased as Heraclitus, and as shy of princes as that philosopher.

No native of the German side of the Rhine can pass from the territory of Baden to that of France without carrying along with him a certain respect for his country, which he will act wisely to conceal, like any other contraband commodity. This precaution I impressed upon myself as soon as the four horses whose neighing seemed to express the same feeling, were put to the carriage at the last post-station, at Kehl.

This little place, situated partly on this, and partly on the other side of the Rhine, possesses an equivocal sort of character, which, like the modest, innocent look of a frail fair-one, is of great advantage in the way of its trade.

The reflections on that extraordinary genius (Voltaire), whom the mercantile spirit of Beaumarchais contrived to banish to this intermediate spot between Germany and France, excited as I passed the extensive printing-office established here for promoting the circulation of his works—were too multifarious for the shortest of all stages; for the life of this wonderful mortal would afford abundant matter for contemplation during a tour round the globe, without being even then exhausted. My mind, standing before him like a dwarf before a colossus, was about to measure his greatness, when I was under the disagreeable necessity of turning the looks of my admiration another way, in order to cast them with contempt upon the most miserable of all the *employés* of the king, who awaited my arrival at the barriers of Strasburg. The postillion seemed to be thinking no more about them than myself; but the cry of "Stop, scoundrel!" from the throats of ten of these varlets, suddenly arrested the smart trot in which he was about to pass them. I was instantly surrounded by the rascals, who inquired what I would give to save my baggage from examination.—"Nothing! nothing!" cried I in a tone that must have scared the nymphs of the Rhine.--"Nothing?" rebellowed the incorruptible agents of the custom-house.—"Nothing!" I reiterated; "I never make bargains with such fellows." With a profusion of curses and oaths they fell to work upon my baggage, which they ransacked with all the avidity of rats that have got scent of a savoury piece of bacon.

Indeed, my dear friend, a small bribe would have prevented all this, had I not been too much out of temper. I chose rather to let the postillion swear at the long delay, my linen and clothes to be tumbled topsy-turvy, my Glauber's salt to be turned out of its paper, nay even my Sympathetic Tincture to be held up to the light, which it was but ill able to bear, than to submit to give alms to these beggars, who had so rudely disturbed my meditations.

For this reason also I felt my bile overflow when I reached the hotel which was recommended to me at Carlsruh. My obstinacy—why should I not call the child by its right name?—had just deserved a severe reproof, but on this occasion I had no need to take the trouble to give myself one—the lesson that I wanted was nearer at hand than I imagined.

"Good God!" said I peevishly to the landlord, "is this the best inn in the city?" and followed him when he conducted me to my room with an evident ill-humour, as if the good man had been in the closest connection with the fellows who had searched me at the gate. The apartment was at least ten times as spacious as the carriage which I had just quitted; and yet I declared to the landlord, without any circumlocution, that I could not exist in such a dog-kennel, and that I would take my soup in the largest dining-room in the house, into which I desired to be shewn.

Here I hoped to be alone; for I had passed the dinner-hour in the agreeable society of the officers of the customs: but I found two travellers seated beside a window. My entrance did not interrupt the familiar conversation in which they were engaged. — I thought to take my soup in quiet—but who can put a morsel quietly in his mouth within hearing of the effusions of two congenial souls? They absorbed my whole attention; and though it was but fragments that I could catch, still these were more than sufficient for my wants.

"How I regret," said one, "the six months of my life which I have lost at this court in a post where no honour was to be gained! To watch over the soul of a youth, where nothing goes in and nothing comes out, is the most disagreeable of duties for a thinking being. How often have I exerted all my penetration to discover only a passing shadow that could betray the existence of real greatness, but all in vain!—O the unfortunate youth! No care can raise the corn which the destructive influence of unkind seasons has beaten down; and the child begotten by a misanthropic father can never prove any thing but an empty husk."

This deduction seemed as obscure and extraordinary to his friend as it did to me. He requested a farther explanation, upon which the philosophic stranger drew a picture—by no means a flattering one—of a splenetic prince, which struck me in an extraordinary manner, and in which there were traits ——But you shall judge for yourself what it was that made my heart palpitate and drove the blood into my cheeks.

"How," proceeded the painter, "can *he* be the parent of a man happy in himself, of a man of mind

—of a Pitt, a Washington, a Haller, a Frederic the Great—whose heart cherishes none of those propensities that sweeten and purify the vital current, expelled by each of its pulsations? Such a splenetic man as the father of my pupil is in the moral world what a paralytic person is in the physical—that is to say, as far as regards the benefit of society, unfit for propagation. The one palms upon posterity cripples in body, the other cripples in mind. Believe my experience, friend, this demon of the soul, which is much too mildly termed ill-humour, is communicated to every thing that the infected person touches, accompanies him in his occupations, pursues him in his walks, and extinguishes the purest flame of hallowed love in his conjugal embraces. Those who feel any concern about the welfare of mankind, should endeavour to extirpate this lurking and now-a-days wide-spread disease with all the might of morality and education; for there is none that makes the patient more miserable, none that is more baneful to social intercoure, or that more strongly operates upon posterity.

"How gladly would I often, in the despondency of my heart, have exchanged a whole day of my life at court for one inspiration on our Swiss Alps of that bracing air which expands the breast, and invigorates the soul for noble deeds! How shall I again rejoice in thee, pure, unsophisticated Nature! My little field, encircled with an amphitheatre of mountains, which the free enjoyment will render mine—my murmuring streamlet!—my embowering grove!—and you, ye inhabitants of peaceful cots!—what a race of mortals compared with those whom I now see behind me! But, friend, let us go, the horses are ready."

As the stranger had, though I knew not how, got my heart in his hands—as my thoughts were now roaming with him over his mountains and his fields, among the simple children of Nature, and the picture of one released from a dreary court, and so soon to be restored to happiness, was so sympathetically attractive to my soul; his departure startled me like a thunder-clap, which rouses us from agreeable dreams, or from the oblivion of our wretched existence. I rose, and made an involuntary motion towards him, as though I would have entreated him not to forsake me. But when arm in arm with his friend he had quitted the room, when his carriage rolled along the street, what were then my feelings! The image of his revolted philanthropy, the gloomy picture of the prince, long hovered before my eyes. My ingenuity discovered some distant resemblance between his disorder and mine; and this ungracious idea humbled me to such a degree, that I threw myself, weak and dejected, into my arm-chair, and could have found in my heart to blubber like a child.

The landlord soon afterwards entered, and I strove to assume the kindest look that was in my power. I praised the excellence of his soups, desired him to give my servant a bottle of his best wine, as I durst not drink any myself, and begged him also to take care of poor Mops.—"Depend upon it,

landlord," said I in an affable tone, at the same time tapping him familiarly on the shoulder, "on my return I shall certainly pass several days in this beautiful city, and take up my quarters at your hotel."—In short, I did not retire to my pretty little room, as I now called it, till I had reason to hope that I had completely removed the disagreeable impression made by my surly behaviour. The sermon of the stranger on the unacknowledged sin of ill-humour had so affected me, that little would have been wanting to persuade me, that I was bound to send to the custom-house officers at the gate the gratuity which my froward temper had denied them.

As soon, however, as I found myself alone, I fell into the most desultory meditations on the evil which now makes such ravages among the higher classes—on the cancer of ill-humour. As I was too honest to pronounce myself uninfected by it, I only thanked Providence that I was not the sovereign of a country, and also that I had no wife, and was therefore not in immediate danger of injuring my posterity. Who knows how much farther the Swiss would have carried me with his system, for I already began to look upon foundling-hospitals and orphan-houses as repositories of human dignity and pre-eminent genius, especially as Erasmus, La Chapelle, D'Alembert, and other celebrated men, with Marshal Saxe at their head, were mustered around me in defence of my position; and also to pity the innocent but unfortunate generation, whose prerogative of legitimate birth was so dearly purchased with the sacrifice of energy and comfort—had not my officious landlord luckily broken the thread of my speculations.

He entered to inquire whether I should not like to attend the concert of a performer, which would that evening draw together a large company of amateurs in the saloon below. My first answer was as decidedly negative as the idea of music and company was repugnant. "He plays the lute," continued the landlord, "and, as it is said, most enchantingly." The lute! thought I; well, if the man only plays with feeling, the lute might perhaps accord with the tone of my mind. Without farther hesitation I recalled my resolution, and paid myself a compliment on the continued improvement of my temper.

At the appointed hour I went down to the saloon: it was too full and too brilliantly lighted for me. I crept into a corner behind some empty chairs, which were soon occupied by a company of young ladies, with the usual rustling of silks and confusion of tongues: to tell the truth, I would gladly have dispensed with their neighbourhood. And yet how deeply was I indebted to their loquacity!—"Will he stay here much longer?"—"An't you afraid that the emperor or our king will invite him?"—"How often have you been to his house?"—"Shan't we call on him to-morrow morning?" — In this manner one question followed at the heels of another, without leaving room to edge in an answer. What extraordinary person can they be talking of? thought I, pricking up my ears to catch something that might enable me to discover how so many fair-ones could

concur so unanimously in their praise of one common favourite.

"What polished manners!" cried one.—"And what a handsome face!" added a second.—"A man who can tell such astonishing things," said a third, "must be a prophet."—"A prophet, a real prophet!" repeated the whole circle.

Oho! thought I, it is some prophet or other; well, that is what I should never have dreamt of. I continued to listen with all my ears. "Who," proceeded one of my fair neighbours, "who could have taught this wonderful man the art of seeing and hearing so distinctly what passes, where no ear and no eye can penetrate?"—"A man," rejoined another, "so thoroughly acquainted with the female heart, who can fathom our most secret thoughts and wishes, he is——"—"Yes," I now chimed in, "he is indeed much more than a prophet!"

This exclamation, which escaped me almost involuntarily, caused a dozen of the prettiest faces to be suddenly turned towards the most rueful phiz in the whole room.—"You are certainly ill, sir," said the lady who sat nearest to me, with a tone of sympathizing kindness; and the pity evident in the countenances of her companions confirmed me in the high opinion which I have ever entertained of the sex, to whom no sufferer is an object of indifference.

"Yes, fair ladies," I replied, "I am indeed very ill, and am now travelling for the recovery of my health."

"Then we congratulate you," cried they with one accord, "on being so near the attainment of your object."

"So near?" I repeated, looking round in astonishment at one after another.

"Yes," replied they; "only have confidence—he will certainly cure you, and in a very short time too."

"For Heaven's sake!" said I hastily, interrupting the flow of their predictions, "of what beneficent being are you speaking?"

"Of whom?" rejoined my fair neighbours, with no less astonishment than myself: "why, of the great prophet to be sure, in whose praise you yourself concurred—of the man who has been sent to us by Providence, and for these two months past has been performing truly apostolical miracles in this city."

I stared first at one and then at another of the fair speakers, and held my tongue, because I knew not what better to do. But they cared not for my silence; they seemed, on the other hand, to be pleased with the opportunity of giving me information, and to enjoy my astonishment. "He will put himself," said one—"*en rapport* with you," continued another, taking the word out of her mouth; "he will look through and through you; he will discover your most secret thoughts, what has happened and what will happen to you, the most secret deviations from truth and virtue; he will remove all your doubts, and explain to you all that has ever appeared obscure."

"That," exclaimed I, with enthusiasm, "would be a high gra-

tification to myself and my friends at home."

"He disorganizes the nerves that are overstrained."

"That is not the case with mine," I replied in a faint voice.

"He exalts the imaginations of those who feel a want of energy."

"Ah!" rejoined I, "if he can but do that——"

"Not a doubt of it," answered the youngest and most beautiful of these interesting creatures, taking out a pocket-book, containing a profile of the wonder-working doctor encircled with laurel, which she shewed me with sparkling eyes, and at the same time put into my hand a card with his address.

Just at this moment the musician began to play, and all the pretty faces were immediately turned towards him. I, too, endeavoured to pay attention to his performance—but in vain. The singular conversation with my fair neighbours had produced in my mind a whirl of contending emotions, which absorbed every thing from the surface. The most contradictory ideas darted across my brain in every direction, and as I could see no better method of appeasing this mental tumult, I rose quietly from my seat, and slipped out of the saloon, heedless of the pathetic strains of the admired lute-player.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

Mr. Repository,

I was going to say *dear* Mr. Repository, but as you have done me the *greatest* injury in the world, I think it will be only proper to see what reparation you *mane* to make me, before we get upon friendly terms together.

You must know, sir, that I am a descendant of an *ould* Milesian family, and I was living in Ireland upon the remains of my ancestors' property in a mighty comfortable manner, till I found out that I was beginning to get a little embarrassed, because I had nothing at all left. So I began to consider how I could repair my fortune without derogating from my dignity; and being acquainted with an ensign of foot, a young Englishman, who happened to be quartered in our town, I consulted with him over a bottle of claret what I should do. "Do?" cried he; "why go to London to be sure, it is the only place for you to repair the breaches which the prodigality of your ancestors has made in your finances."—"But, my dear friend," cried I, "I don't know a single soul there, and when I arrive I shan't be overburthened with cash, so I must set about procuring some *immadiately*."—With that he considered for a moment or two, and then slapping his forehead, "Hark ye, my boy!" cried he; "I have it—the moment you arrive you must purchase the *Repository of Arts*, and study it carefully for a week or two. You are naturally such a sensible clear-headed fellow, that I am sure you will by that time make amazing progress in the art of getting money, which I am told is one of the principal subjects of that work."

Well, sir, as my case was pressing, and besides I never was much given to deliberation, I raised the money necessary to pay for my passage directly, came straight to London, and scarcely waited to swallow my dinner before I bought a *Repository*, which I sat down to study with more eagerness than I ever felt in my life; and a very pretty fool I discovered you had made of me, for from the beginning to the end there was not a single sentence by which I could put a guinea in my pocket. An't you ashamed of yourself, Mr. *Repository*, with your dissertations on modern architecture and ancient artists? Botheration to all arts but the art of getting money! I am sure it's the only one worth a rush to me. But may be after all you do really understand it, only you reserve your instructions for your own particular cronies; and in that case I beg *lave* to introduce myself to the honour of your intimate acquaintance, and I hope you will do me the favour to commence a course of lectures on the subject *immadiately*.

I assure you, without boasting, Mr. *Repository*, you will find me a mighty tractable pupil: only I must inform you before hand, I never could study on an empty stomach; I have not the *laste* objection to as much application as you *plase*, provided I may always have a bottle of claret to apply to whenever I find it necessary to soften the labour of thought.

Perhaps you may be fearful, that it will be rather difficult to find a proper situation for a man who can reckon his ancestors up to Adam: but don't be *unasy* on that head; I'm not at all nice, any thing will do to begin with; a secretaryship to an embassy, a place at court, or even if the office of *Spaker* to the Commons should happen to be vacant, I shall not object to fill it. Oh! how I wish we were lucky enough to be at war! Upon my conscience, Mr. *Repository*, I should have no great need to study the art of fighting; its the most natural thing in the world to an Irishman: to be sure there would be one little stumbling-block in the way, I have no knowledge of military tactics; but after I had taken a few lessons, I could study them in the field, you know, and in the Wellington school a man must be stupid indeed if he did not make some progress.

But to return to what I was saying; all that will be necessary is to take care not to disgrace my family, because I would not upon any account have the *ould* kings of Munster disturbed in their quiet comfortable graves by any degeneracy of me, their unlucky descendant.

Now, Mr. *Repository*, as I scorn to do an *ungentale* thing by any body, if you are at all reluctant to assist me in making my fortune, I should be sorry to put you to the *laste* inconvenience; but in that case I must be under the necessity of requesting the pleasure of your company to take a *breathing* with me as soon as *convanient* in Hyde Park, or any where else more agreeable to you; and I hope to convince you, that I am a tolerable good swordsman, at *laste* you will be the first of eleven antagonists who do not carry about them some proof of my skill in that way: or

if you prefer pistols, I am equally ready to oblige you; I have the prettiest *pet* pair; I am sure, Mr. *Repository*, it would do your heart good to see me use them—never missed my mark in my life. So now be so obliging as to let me hear from you directly, for having changed my last guinea, its plain enough that I have no time to lose. I remain your most *obadient*,

BRYAN O'BANAGHER.

[Had Mr. O'Banagher been a native of any other part of the world than the sister island, we should have imagined that he had omitted the trifling circumstance of subjoining his address to this polite invitation, lest we should know where he is to be found. We have inserted his letter, in the hope that his disappointment will operate as a caution to any of his sagacious countrymen who might think of undertaking a similar expedition. —EDITOR.]

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XIV.

Another year at length is past;
May it be better than the last!
May bick'ring cease, and may it prove
The scene of unembitter'd love!——PRIOR.

I HAVE to introduce myself to my readers on the commencement of the new year, with such a volume of correspondence as will be almost sufficient to furnish materials for my paper through the course of it: and here I must recommend to the reflection of those who do me the honour to communicate their opinions to me, that I am but a monthly writer, and therefore may appear to neglect those whose merits demand my attention; when the fact is, that I have not sufficient space in the columns allotted me, for half the effusions of sentiment, taste, and imagination with which I am favoured. Besides, it should also be considered, that I am not only a Tattler, but a female one, and may therefore be supposed to have a natural tendency, not to use a stronger expression, from time to time, to deliver my own sentiments, to indulge my own taste, and let loose the playfulness of my own imagination. However, to prove the grateful respect I entertain for my correspondents, I do assure them, that though I had prepared a new-year's gift for my readers, with which I am rather more than satisfied, I will return it to my port-folio, to slumber till the commencement of the year 1818, and give the pages of the present month to those communications which lie, I must own, in a very engaging heap before me; and will have no other individual preference, but such as is derived from the order in which they were received. I shall, therefore, proceed with the following letter, from an elderly widower.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

It appears to me, that, with all your sagacity and experience, and I am ready to acknowledge that, on most subjects as well as occasions, you display no common

portion of them both, some of your sentiments respecting marriage are of a nature too speculative, and betray rather the confined opinions of a starch old-maid, than the experimental comprehension of a woman of the world. I, therefore, who have been a married man, shall take the liberty of offering my observations on the conduct of people in the most agreeable or the most wretched condition of life.

It is a general observation, that some of the most disagreeable circumstances of matrimony are frequently to be found in the very commencement of it, and proceed from an ignorance of each other's temper in the married parties, as well as from the want of an essential, reflecting discretion, which will be prepared for the consequences of a change from the most cautious respect to the most unreserved familiarity.

Hence it happens, that the veriest trifles become the origin of serious uneasiness: for as contradiction is a thing so perfectly unexpected between a new-married pair, who have just quitted the flattering calm of courtship, that the smallest instance of it is taken for a serious affront on either side; a feeling of disappointment then succeeds, the language of displeasure immediately follows, and it is well if sour looks and marks of indifference conclude with the day.

Among the many lessons which our moral writers have formed for the right conduct of matrimonial life, it surprises me that no rules have been suggested by them, at least I have never seen any, for the wise transformation of lovers into husband and wife; a subject which cannot be too attentively considered. It certainly requires the greatest precaution and good sense in both; as the former cannot be too slow in assuming what may be considered as the predominating character of the one, and the latter cannot be too ready in yielding herself to the contrasted character of the other, equally attentive to the generally acknowledged proprieties of their respective situations. How, alas! I have seen this misunderstood, and what ridiculous disputes I have seen originate in misunderstanding; disputes which not only threw a cloud over the moment, but seemed to be laying the foundation of an habitual opposition to each other!

I do assure you, that you may depend upon the correctness of the following dispute which took place in the honey-moon of two young people in the fashionable ranks of life, who married for love:—I was a witness of it. I believe it was at the first dinner they gave after the ceremony which made them one; when the circumstance I am about to relate, certainly for the time, and I understood at other times, made them two.

The lady presided at her table, as I thought, with uncommon grace, and the most elegant attention to her guests. But there came an unfortunate piece of pastry in the form of a gooseberry tart, that interrupted in some measure the comfort of the entertainment. The lady, who was employed in dispensing this little *plat* to some of her more immediate neighbours, was thus addressed by the gentleman who had been her husband about ten days:—"My dearest Caroline, you

do every thing in the world to admiration, but what you are now about; you do mangle that tart most cruelly."—"You think so, sir," she replied, "do you? Now, sir, I must beg leave to inform you, that my mother, who certainly presided with as much propriety at her family table as the lady who gave your precious self to the world, did certainly manage a tart in the way which I have taken the liberty of doing it: but as I may not again wound your admirable delicacy on such an important occasion, I will give special orders that all dishes of pastry shall be, in future, discharged from my mangling superintendence, and be regularly placed before you."—"That shall be," he answered, "as you please; but I appeal to the company, whether *(selon la règle)* I am not right."—The ladies immediately supported the lady, from a very natural impulse, the love of rule; and the gentlemen did the same, from the spirit of gallantry. But the son and daughter of Hymen did not indulge in a smile on the occasion; when the ladies retired into the drawing-room, the late bride addressed herself immediately to two misses, with a "Well, my dears, you see what you must come to, if you are not content without a husband: but if you are wise, you will remain as you are."—And no sooner were the gentlemen left alone, than the late bridegroom proposed as a sentiment—"The sound policy of taking down a wife in her wedding shoes."—I am not intimate enough with these people to know the particular tenour of their subsequent lives; but I have been informed, on the best authority, that from that time to this, which occupies a space of some years, the pastry is always placed before him at table; and that she once threatened to discharge a servant for having submitted a tart to her immediate inspection. Your own reflection and knowledge of the human character will supply the rest.

Of the many instances of interruption to domestic happiness arising from mere trifles, I shall just mention one, of which I was witness in the course of the last summer.

I had long promised to pay a visit to a friend in the country, and the time at length came when I was to enjoy the expected pleasure. I arrived late in the evening, when I found the family at supper, and was received with the most gratifying welcome by the master and mistress of the mansion. The next day every kind attention was renewed; but on the third, on my return from a morning's walk, I found monsieur and madame in a state of violent altercation, whether a china vase should be placed on, or beneath, a table. I was rather outrageously asked by them both for my opinion; but as I did not wish to offend either, I excused myself, as having no taste in arrangements of that nature. The beautiful ornament, for neither of the parties would yield, was, therefore, dismissed from the drawing-room, and placed under the sideboard of the eating-room; where it served every day at dinner to engender disagreeable recollections, and to disturb what might otherwise have been a sociable meal. He is a man of strong nervous sense, and she a woman of a very

sprightly understanding; so that their angry emotions, when they arose, were followed by touches of severity and sarcasm, which were evidently felt, as they were intended to be by them both, and became, at length, quite painful to me as the continual hearer of them. I was, therefore, meditating the means of shortening my visit, when they both applied to me as an umpire between them. I at once condemned them both in some such sentiments as those which follow.

"When a husband lets loose his sallies of wit or sarcasm on his wife, however successfully or aptly applied, he cannot in any way, for any cause or any occasion, be justified by a humane or a well-judging understanding. The attempt must be considered as an insult rather than a contest, and as trusting to a masculine strength, to which a wife cannot have pretensions; as well as brandishing weapons, which she is not supposed to have the skill to wield, and where every female grace must be sacrificed even in the appearance of employing them. On the contrary, for a wife to confute or ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or wit, is to be strong where weakness would be no reproach, and to conquer, when it would not be dishonourable to fly. That which exalts a wife only by degrading a husband, cannot be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness to resentment, or provoking to jealousy by an implication of contempt."

This was rather strong language, but the circumstances of the moment, as a sincere friend, required it from me. I really thought that I should silence their petty altercations, call in their reason to my aid, and restore the reign of domestic tranquillity; but never was I more completely disappointed, than when they both, in a moment, dismissed the subject of their late disputes, and turned at once upon me; and in such a way, that I took the opportunity, which a letter the next morning gave me, of pretending an immediate call to London, with a determination never to repeat my visit: and if they catch me again in their boisterous mansion, I will consent to be cut up piece-meal, and be pickled in the very jar which caused all this domestic hostility.

In my way home, I called upon my friends Sir William and Lady Lovewell, at whose mansion I well knew that I should be fully consoled for the disagreeablements of my last visit: and with the account of these excellent people I shall conclude my letter.

This excellent baronet and his lady live in the possession of each other's hearts, and consequently have no moments of apathy or indifference; and, as far as relates to themselves and their own immediate connections, enjoy one continued scene of delight. Their affection for each other communicates a certain satisfaction to all who approach them, and particularly to such as are admitted to their more intimate society. When she enters a place where he is, a pleasure is instantly observable in him, which he cannot conceal, and words cannot easily describe; where such a consummate regard subsists, the very presence of the person

beloved has the effect of the most pleasing conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and at the same time the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary intercourse is to be preferred to the boasted moments of general lovers. In a word, they each of them possess transcendent merit, live in the esteem and, I may add, in the admiration of all who know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends in the just value they have for each other.

If it would not be considered as an unnecessary indulgence of vanity, I might indeed boast of a situation not altogether dissimilar from that which I have just described, previous to the unspeakable affliction with which it pleased Heaven to visit me, when, by taking an incomparable woman to itself, it made me

A WIDOWER.

*** It is merely to indulge the wish of *Antonia*, that I acknowledge the receipt of her letter.

THE ROBE OF NAPOUL.

Mr. EDITOR,

IT is now nearly five years since I became, at the age of eighteen, the wife of a gentleman a few years older than myself, who had paid his addresses to me for more than two years before we were united. Nothing could exceed the apparent warmth of his affection; he vowed a thousand times that it should be the business of his life to render mine happy; and I must own, that for nearly four years I had no reason to complain of his behaviour, which was perfectly polite and rational; for he allowed me my own way in every thing, and never interfered with my expenses, farther than to recommend economy when a bad run of luck at play, or an exorbitant milliner's bill, rendered my demands upon his purse rather too frequent. I always listened to his harangues upon that shabby quality, which he dignifies with the name of a virtue, with the greatest patience and good-humour, promised to regulate my expenses with more caution in future, and lamented that the exorbitant price of every thing must make me appear extravagant in his eyes, when I really only purchased what was absolutely necessary to make that appearance which his wife ought to keep up. My submissive and conciliating replies were generally rewarded by a draft on his banker for the sum I wanted; and we went on quietly till I got into another scrape, when the same scene was again acted.

However, Mr. Editor, within the last year matters have greatly altered for the worse; my wise lord and master has taken it into his head to try if he can oblige me to regulate the expense, and even the materials of my dress, according to his fancy: I say to try, for I assure you, sir, I have too much of the spirit of a true-born Englishwoman to yield to such arbitrary measures. It is true, that as yet the man has had the prudence not to speak in the imperative mood, but tyranny is tyranny whatever shape it may

appear in; and averse as I naturally am to a life of perpetual warfare, I protest I almost think it a duty to set a noble example of resistance, for the benefit of all wives in similar circumstances. But my anger makes me forget, that I have not yet acquainted you with the immediate cause of our present contest.

During the war, sir, women of fashion were obliged to content themselves with English manufactures, but no sooner was peace proclaimed, than we adorned ourselves with the produce of foreign looms, to the great annoyance of those tiresome croakers who are always foretelling evil. They began immediately to prophesy the decay of our own trade, and my *caro sposo* read me a longer lecture upon this occasion than he had ever done before. I defended myself stoutly upon the ground, that our mothers and grandmothers, whose example he had always proposed for my imitation, were as fond as ourselves of French silk and lace. He endeavoured to convince me, that in their daysour own manufactures had not attained the perfection in such articles that they have since acquired, and that the flourishing state of the country rendered the encouragement of those particular branches of but little importance: whereas, at present, the pressure of the times, and the great increase of our population, made it a matter of absolute necessity that we should confine ourselves, as much as possible, to our own manufactures, if we would not see our artizans reduced to actual want.

As I hate to look on the dark side of things, I could not help concluding, that there was some exaggeration in Mr. S——'s picture of the general distress; besides, Lady Dashmore, Lady Grace Glitter, the Hon. Mrs. Bijou, and half a dozen other *élégantes*, had previously assured me, that our own silks were so flimsy, so ill made, and so entirely deficient in that beautiful gloss, exquisite softness, and vivid hues, for which the productions of foreign looms were remarkable, that it was impossible to think of bringing such things into fashion, and that it is actually Gothic to be seen in them. I stated this to Mr. S——, and added, that I considered my reputation for taste was at stake, and that I would as soon forfeit my life as my claims to celebrity, which would be absolutely destroyed by a compliance with his request; I must, therefore, beg of him to excuse me.

Well, sir, instead of being convinced that he was in the wrong, he teased me to death with entreaties to exercise my own judgment, and not to be guided by the opinion of others; assuring me, that I should find, upon examination, that our silks were as good as our neighbours. You may suppose that he did not make a proselyte of me, and finding that he could not, he determined to revenge himself by the most cruel trick you ever heard of. As he seemed to give the matter up with a good grace, I thought no more about it, and we went on as usual.

A few days afterwards he found me unusually pensive, and pressing me with much tenderness to tell him the cause, I acknowledged that my melancholy arose from my want of something, which, though

absolutely necessary, I could not afford to buy. "I cannot conceive," cried he, knitting his brows, "any actual necessary that can be wanted by a lady whose wardrobe abounds with superfluities from all quarters of the globe. I suppose it is something as necessary as your Turkish shawl, with the real, inimitable, inestimable little border, which you teased me to death to purchase, in order to wear it five or six times, and then lay it aside."

"No, indeed," replied I, with great humility, "it is not a shawl, but a warm winter cloak I want; and I will appeal to you, my dear, whether such a thing is not necessary at this season of the year."—"A warm winter cloak!" repeated he with astonishment; "have not you as many pelisses, cloaks, and wraps, as you women call them, of different descriptions, as would enable half a dozen ladies to defy even the severity of a Russian winter?"—"But, my dear," cried I, interrupting him, "every thing of that kind that I have is absolutely exploded. Lady Dashmore, who is just returned from Paris, has brought with her a *Witzschure;* and you may depend upon it that no creature, who has the least pretensions to fashion, will be seen in any thing else."—"Why, surely, my love," cried Mr. S——, "you can't think of disguising your elegant figure in one of those frightful cloaks, which has certainly no recommendation but its extravagant price!"

"I am sure," said I, bitterly enough, "it is not more expensive than your wife's winter dress ought to be: but it is the price, and not the form of the cloak, that you object to. However, sir, I shall not trouble you again on the subject, but give an order for one, and pay for it by denying myself something else."

"Nay, my dear," cried he, as I turned to leave the room, "do not go in anger. It would at this moment be really an imprudence to purchase a *Witzschure,* because I have already laid out a large sum for a present for you, which you will find well worthy of your acceptance, since it is not only a hundred times more beautiful than Cachemire, but ten times as dear. Promise me that you will give up the idea of ordering a *Witzschure,* and you shall have the most beautiful robe in the world."

While he was speaking, Lady Dashmore and Mrs. Bijou were announced; and as the former had, honestly speaking, piqued me a little by triumphing in being the first to introduce the *Witzschure,* I hastily told Mr. S——, that I agreed to his terms, and begged he would immediately produce his present. He instantly left the room, but returned in a few moments, with a packet neatly wrapped up in silk paper. While he was absent, I had told the two ladies that Mr. S—— had just purchased me a rare and costly dress; and Mrs. Bijou no sooner saw the paper, than she protested it had the strangest smell in the world. "That proceeds from the ship that brought it over," said my husband.—"And pray," said Lady Dashmore, "what are these curious scrawls upon the paper?"—"Indian letters, to be sure, my lady," replied Mr. S——.

"Pray," said I, no longer able to resist my impatience, "make

haste and open it." He did so, and displayed a soft, fine, brilliant stuff. "How superb!" exclaimed both my friends at once: "how fine, how soft! what a delightful colour!" As to me, Mr. Editor, I affected to be moderate in my expressions of approbation, but in reality I was almost beside myself with joy, and convinced that I was the only person in London who possessed a dress of this rare and beautiful stuff, which Mr. S—— told us was called *Napoul.*

Lady Dashmore, in spite of the command of countenance for which she has long been celebrated, could not help betraying an emotion of envy as she congratulated me on the possession of a dress so exquisitely beautiful. As my dear friend, Mrs. Bijou, has an absolute mania for every thing that is at once scarce and expensive, I thought that she would actually choak with vexation, when Mr. S—— assured her it would be impossible for her to procure one, because mine was the only piece brought over in the ship, which was just arrived from an almost undiscovered country ten thousand miles off.

Conceive, if you can, Mr. Editor, my joy, my triumph! I had my robe made up immediately, and never surely was any thing so exquisitely becoming; its extraordinary fineness, the uncommon brilliancy of its colour, were the admiration of every body; in short, I enjoyed the transcendent happiness of being envied by all my acquaintances. Judge, then, if I was not at the summit of felicity: but, alas! how shall I tell you the rest? This robe of *Napoul*, so precious, I might say so inestimable, in my eyes and those of my female friends, came from no greater distance than Spitalfields. Think what I felt when I discovered the abominable cheat put upon me! In the first transports of my rage I was about to cast the offending garment into the fire, but Mr. S——, who was present, snatched it up, with a declaration, that he could not suffer me to destroy a thing in which I looked more beautiful than he ever saw me do in the most expensive dress I had ever worn.

This was tolerably gallant from an old married man, and had he continued in this strain, I don't know but I might have been brought to forgive him, but he read me a very insolent lecture; and Lady Dashmore coming in at the moment he left me, counselled me so strongly not to let the matter rest, that we have actually been ever since it happened, which is now three weeks ago, at open war.

Mr. S—— accuses me of levity, extravagance, and even of inhumanity, in devoting money to what he calls idle purposes, at a time when all superfluous expense ought to be retrenched, in order to enable us to assist our suffering fellow-subjects. In return, I charge him, by the advice of Lady Dashmore, with the meanness of a deception calculated to render me ridiculous—a charge which he vehemently protests is unjust, since it was, as he says, a harmless joke, played off on purpose to cure us of an ill-founded prejudice against our own manufactures.

To tell you the truth, I begin to tire of hostilities, but as he is absolutely inflexible in refusing to purchase the *Witzschure*, which I have

insisted upon as a preliminary to a treaty of peace, I don't well know how to decline the contest with honour. Will you then, Mr. Editor, have the goodness to favour me with your advice how to act in this business? And remember, that though I may concede the disputed point to reason and humanity, I enter my protest against any attack on my undoubted prerogative as a woman and an English subject to wear whatever I please. I am, sir, your constant reader and very humble servant,

CAROLINE S——.

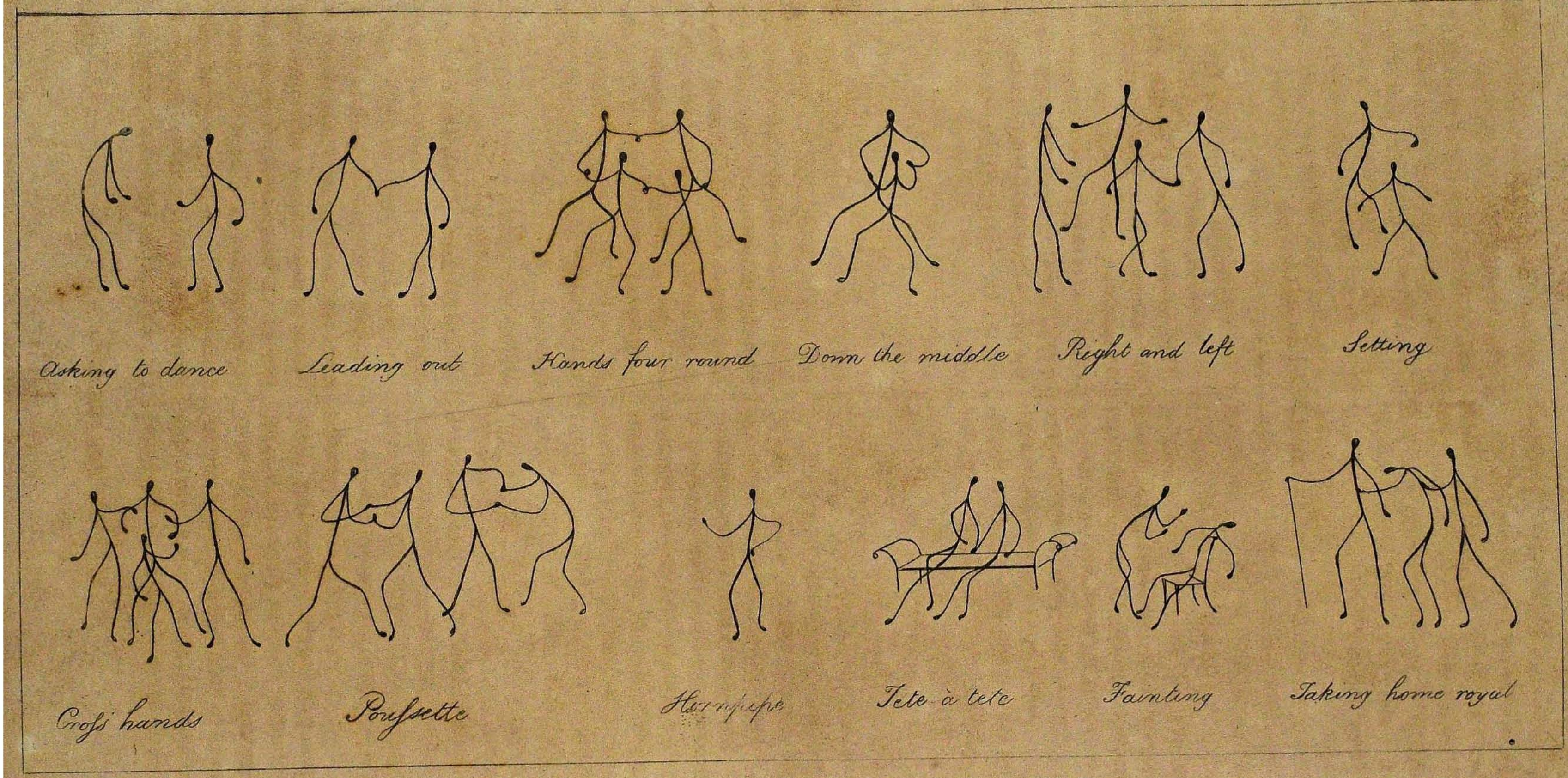
PLATE 9.—DOTTATOR ET LINEATOR LOQUITUR.

"WHAT signifies the sculptor's fame,
Or glory of a painter's name!
All that an *Angelo* can give
Towards making the dull marble live,
Is, after many a year, at length
To clothe it with Herculean strength,
And shew each muscle to the eye
In all its ponderous symmetry.
I scorn the art that merely traces,
By worn-out rules, old-fashion'd graces;
Or deals alone in tints to charm,
Though they were Titian's, rich and warm:
I know that I can do much more
Than artists ever did before;
With but a DOT, and eke a LINE,
In ev'ry shape and act I'll shine.
I want no Muscles, no, not I,
To give my figures energy;
I want no Colours to express
A female face; I want no Dress
To fall before, or gird around,
Or with long train to sweep the ground.
—Their naked dames let fools adore 'em,
And hang their curtains up before 'em;
My forms their ev'ry part reveal,
For they have nothing to conceal;
They shew their all to every eye,
Nor wake the blush of modesty.
—How gaily in the dance they meet,
Without the plague of Hands or Feet;
Without a Finger, at their ease,
Give and return the tender squeeze:
You'll see them breathe without a Lung,
And say soft things without a Tongue;
Nay, feel the power of Cupid's dart,
Without that silly thing—a Heart.
As lordly topers they can shine,
Without a Paunch to hold the wine;
Without or Skin or Flesh or Bone,
They do all that by man is done.
—He's mad, the high-bred artist cries;
These are impossibilities!
—Mad as he is, with all your pride,
Just turn your haughty eyes aside,
Unfold the Page, and there you'll view
That all which I have told is true.
—Then, masters of all ages, yield,
And leave me master of the field:
Lick clean at once your gaudy palettes,
And cease to drive your clatt'ring mallets;
Go hide your heads, while thus I shine
Professor of the DOT and LINE."

THE SILENT WIFE.

Mr. EDITOR,

I AM married to a virtuous, young, and amiable woman, who is the delight of the circle in which she moves, and universally allowed to be one of the cleverest women of her time; but she makes me really miserable from a cause so apparently ludicrous, that I am sure you will laugh, especially if you are married, when I mention it. I cannot get her to talk to me; and so provoking do I find her silence, that if she does not exchange it



DOTTATOR ET LINEATOR LOQUITUR.

for a more loquacious humour, I am determined upon a separation. But let me check my rising anger, and tell my story a little circumstantially.

From twenty-five till thirty-two it was my constant intention to marry, but from some cause or other I could not find a helpmate suitable for me. As I am myself a plain, or rather, to confess the downright truth, an ugly fellow, I was afraid of uniting myself to a beauty; being fond of domestic life, I dreaded a fine lady; and conscious that I had no claims to wit, I resolutely withstood the bright eyes of more than one *bel esprit*.

At length I found, as I thought, precisely the creature whom my fancy had drawn as absolutely necessary to my felicity. Miss S—— was neither pretty, dashing, nor a professed wit, but she was amiable, well-informed, and every body pronounced her the pleasantest companion in the world. Her manners were very polished, and she possessed the rare secret of making all those with whom she conversed pleased with themselves. No topic, however uninteresting it might be, appeared to weary her as long as it seemed to amuse another; and her playful gaiety seemed to spread the contagion of cheerfulness to all around her: in short, she seemed to me a *rara avis*, whom it must be the height of happiness to possess. 'Tis true she had no fortune, but that, in my estimation, was a trifle. I lost no time in offering my hand, which was accepted, and all my acquaintance congratulated me upon my union with the most delightful woman in the world. As my wife's companionable qualities had been my principal inducement to marry, I anticipated the greatest domestic felicity when the bustle usual upon such occasions was at an end; but, unfortunately for me, in less than six weeks a very trifling circumstance completely overturned my scheme of felicity. My wife happened, in conversation with a gentleman remarkable for the number and spirit of his *bon-mots*, to make two or three replies, which had really much point: he complimented her warmly, and, what was worse, circulated a copy of verses, in which her quickness at repartee was extolled to the skies. These confounded verses gave a death-blow to my peace; from that moment she has thought of nothing else but figuring in the character of a *bel esprit*; and when she is not in the midst of a circle, she is as grave, and almost as taciturn, as one of the China images on the mantel-piece.

If I speak, she either answers me in monosyllables, or complains that I distract her head; and if, in spite of this cavalier treatment, I continue the subject, she knows how to silence me by affecting to start from a reverie, and fixing her eyes upon me with such an air of weariness and abstraction, that heartily provoked, yet not chusing to quarrel, I take refuge in silence, till the arrival of company transforms my cameleon rib into a brilliant companion, whose lively sallies create a spirit of mirth and good-humour in all who surround her, except myself: nay, even I am sometimes caught for a few moments; but if my hilarity hap-

pens to last till the company departs, it is sure to expire that instant, for my wife's smiles and gaiety give place to a gloom and silence which never fail effectually to extinguish my cheerfulness.

I have frequently tried to argue the point with her, but I never can provoke her into an argument; and as I generally lose my temper in the beginning of our conversation, or rather of my soliloquy, I gave up the idea of convincing her in that way. It has struck me, that through the medium of your useful and elegant publication, of which she is a constant reader, I might be able to paint to her the error of which she is guilty in thus sacrificing my comfort to a preposterous thirst of applause. But it is not my happiness only that she injures, her own is also destroyed. Occupied in an incessant endeavour to shine, she undergoes the severest species of mental drudgery, and I am certain frequently endures the keenest mortification, when, as is sometimes the case, the dulness of her auditors robs her of the triumph which she had anticipated.

But this is not all; while she was without pretension, she was beloved as well as admired, but she is now more feared than loved. It is impossible to be always aiming at wit, without giving people an idea that we think very highly of ourselves; and I need not point out the consequence of arrogating superiority over those we live with. But I see my subject is in danger of carrying me too far, and I will trespass upon your time and patience no longer, than to assure you, that your insertion of my letter will be considered as a particular favour by your humble servant,

LAWRENCE LOVECHAT.

DARING ROBBERY OF THE CROWN JEWELS OF FRANCE, IN SEPTEMBER 1792.

THE *Garde Meuble,* the private property of the King of France, was a building which included the whole colonnade in the Place Louis XV. from the *Rue Royale* to the *Rue St. Florentin.* Before the Revolution it contained a collection of very great curiosities, which never failed to extort the tribute of admiration from foreigners themselves. These articles were partly arranged symmetrically in three saloons, and partly shut up in presses. The public were allowed free admittance to the whole collection every Tuesday. Some of the more remarkable objects to be seen at the *Garde Meuble* were the suits of armour of the ancient kings and paladins of France, particularly of Kings Henry II. and IV. Louis XIII. and XIV. Philip of Valois, and Casimir King of Poland; as also the armour which Francis I. wore at the battle of Pavia, and which, for lightness, beauty, and the high finish of the work, is said to have been unequalled in Europe. Here were, moreover, preserved the sword, five feet long, which Pope Paul V. wore in the war with the Venetians, two swords of Henry the Great, a circular silver shield found in the Rhone at Lyons, and two pieces of cannon inlaid with silver, standing upon their carriages,

which Louis XIV. received as a present in 1684 from the King of Siam. The tapestries which adorned the different apartments were all presents from princes, and of exquisite workmanship.

So early as the 14th of July, 1789, and on several subsequent occasions, the people broke tumultuously into the *Garde Meuble*, under the groundless pretext that arms were concealed there, laid violent hands on the effects deposited in that building, and stole a considerable quantity of valuable articles.

This edifice was also the place in which the crown diamonds were kept. The precious stones were deposited in small boxes, and these boxes in presses, the keys of which were in the custody of the director of the establishment. At the commencement of the Revolution this office was confided to one Thiery: but as he was considered not worthy of the trust, he was thrown into confinement, and his post transferred to one of the creatures of Roland, the minister.

In consequence of the massacre which took place in the various prisons of Paris in the first days of September 1792, many criminals who were suffering in dungeons the punishment of the law, many vagabonds awaiting their trials, and numerous other persons inaccessible to repentance or remorse, were thrown back into society. These wretches, the scum of their race, were many of them engaged during their confinement in planning new crimes, to be committed as soon as they should regain their liberty. The inadequate attention paid to the safety of the *Garde Meuble* under the new administration, did not escape these lynx-eyed depredators: they soon resolved to make an attempt upon it, and the plan of operations was speedily arranged.

The principal leaders of the band were named Cambon and Douligny. About a dozen rogues of acknowledged dexterity were engaged in the plot. It was agreed that the cleverest of their number should explore the localities of the building, and examine in what manner their plan might best be carried into execution. The thief selected for this business accordingly repaired, two days before the execution of the project, to the colonnade, climbed up it with the assistance of the lamp-cord, and ascertained, that by breaking a single pane of glass, it would be easy to get into the room. After he had carefully explored every circumstance, he descended the same way as he had clambered up, and reported his observations to his comrades, upon which the night between the 16th and 17th of September was fixed for the enterprize.

In order to accomplish their object with the greater security, the twelve principal thieves had associated with themselves about twenty-five second-rate rogues, who were promised part of the booty; though it was thought right, to prevent being betrayed, to keep the nature of the undertaking a secret from them till the moment of putting it into exection. These subordinate accomplices received orders to disguise themselves in the uniform of the national guards, and to be provided with muskets or sabres. The place appointed for

the general rendezvous was the entrance of the *Champs Elysées*, where all the members of the band punctually met, as agreed upon, about midnight. Cambon and Douligny appeared among the rest, and formed a patrole out of their accomplices in the national uniform, who were directed to march to and fro along the colonnade, to make the passengers believe that the vigilance of the police was every where exerted. Sentinels were then stationed at all the avenues to the *Place*, to give the alarm by a preconcerted watchword on the appearance of the least danger. After all the necessary preparations and precautions, the two leaders, before they proceeded to business, took another turn round the *Place*. At the pedestal upon which had once stood the statue of Louis XV. they found a youth, of twelve or fourteen years. They accosted and questioned him, and at length prevailed on him by the lure of reward —but without disclosing their purpose—to promise to continue at his post, and in case he should perceive any persons of a suspicious appearance, to make a noise, in order to attract their attention. Cambon, with the aid of the lamp-rope, then clambered up the colonnade, and was followed by Douligny and several others. A pane of glass was cut with a diamond and taken out; there was then nothing to hinder them from throwing up the sash, and getting into the rooms of the *Garde Meuble*. A dark lantern lighted them to the presses, which were opened with false keys and picklocks; the boxes with the jewels and diamonds were secured, and passed from hand to hand to the foot of the colonnade. When the thieves had just come to the best of the booty, the signal of alarm was suddenly sounded. Such of the thieves as were below in the *Place* fled without delay, while those who were above let themselves down by the lamp-rope. Douligny, who missed the rope, fell with great violence on the pavement, from which he was unable to rise. The alarm was occasioned by a real patrole, whose suspicions were excited by the light thrown in the apartments by the dark lantern, and who in consequence approached the *Garde Meuble*. Hearing something fall, they ran up to the spot, found Douligny on the ground, and immediately apprehended him. The commandant of the patrole then posted half of his men in the street, and repaired with the rest to the door of the *Garde Meuble*, where he knocked, obtained admittance, and entered one of the rooms just at the moment that Cambon was about to make himself invisible: the latter was apprehended as well as his colleague, and the commissary was thereupon sent for. On his arrival the thieves were examined; being caught in the fact and with their pockets full of stolen effects, they immediately confessed their guilt, but without betraying any of their companions. The scene of their depredations was then inspected; a *proces-verbal* of the state of the rooms and of the whole affair was drawn up, and presented to the competent authorities. The public, when this important robbery came to its knowledge, did not fail to accuse Roland, the minister of the interior, of a highly culpable negligence: but

the latter, without declaring himself openly, sought to divert suspicion to Danton, the minister of justice; and it was actually asserted, that Danton had secretly possessed himself of a considerable portion of the diamonds of the *Garde Meuble*, and to conceal his guilt, contrived the stealing of the remainder.

While the above-mentioned chiefs of the banditti were seized and secured by the police, the false patrole hovering about the *Garde Meuble* were challenged by the real patrole, and ignorant of the watchword, deemed it prudent to answer the *Qui vive?* with a precipitate flight, and to disperse in the Elysian Fields and adjacent streets. Two of the gang, who got off with boxes of diamonds, retired to the *Allée des Veuves*, dug a hole in a ditch, where they deposited their booty, covered the spot with earth and leaves, and went quietly home. Several others sought to convey their plunder to the houses of receivers of stolen goods with whom they were acquainted. Most of them, however, again assembled under the *Pont Louis XVI.* These having posted one of their number as a sentinel on the bridge, seated themselves in a circle, in the middle of which one of the band who now took the lead, ordered the boxes in their possession to be placed. He then opened one, and after putting one of the diamonds into his own pocket, distributed the others one by one among his comrades, putting one aside in turn for their companion who was upon guard. As soon as one box was emptied, he proceeded in the same manner with another, and was just on the point of dividing the contents of the last, when the cry of *Sauve qui peut!* from the sentinel on the bridge, rang in the ears of the assembly. The man who had undertaken the office of distributor threw the unshared diamonds into the Seine, and each sought safety in the best manner he could. Several upon their flight threw away their booty in the street, where the stones were picked up next morning by different individuals.

In the course of the judicial proceedings those who had concealed the stolen effects, and the Jews who had purchased them, were discovered, and a considerable part of the plunder was regained. Cambon and Douligny received sentence of death; upon which they declared, that, if their lives were spared, they would give information where the diamonds might be found, and also in whose possession they were. The tribunal communicated this intimation to the minister of justice, on which the convicts were respited, and at the same time hopes were held out to them, that their sentence would be mitigated to imprisonment. The two culprits then named their accomplices, who were almost all secured, and a considerable number of diamonds were again recovered. In the possession of one thief were found jewels to the value of 1,200,000 francs (50,000*l.* sterling). Several of the band were condemned to death and executed.

Among many bad subjects involved in this process, it served to bring forward one honest creature. A commissary of the police entered the apartment of a *chère amie* of one of the robbers. Upon her

chimney-piece stood a bason with aqua-fortis, into which she had put the stolen jewels, for the purpose of separating the pure parts from the alloy. The commissary had come upon her so unexpectedly that she had not time to conceal the bason, and therefore threw it out of the window into the street. A few minutes afterwards a beggar-woman passing under the window, perceived something glistening upon the pavement, collected the pieces, and took them to a jeweller, who told her that they were diamonds. The poor woman hereupon repaired to the committee of her section, reported what she had found, deposited the property with the committee, that, as she said, it might be restored to the right owner, took a receipt for it, and proceeded as before to beg her bread from house to house.

The tribunal appointed to try all the accomplices in this robbery had not finished its business, when it was dissolved, and its operations were abruptly terminated. The president then ordered three of the band, Cambon, Douligny, and Paul Miette, to be brought before him, and informed them, that as the court was not permitted to exercise its functions any longer, it was to be feared that the respite granted to them would be of no benefit. At the same time he advised them either to appeal against the sentence, or to petition the National Convention. The culprits followed this counsel, and appealed. The court of appeal listened to their remonstrances; the sentence of death pronounced against them was revoked, and the tribunal charged with the reversion of the whole process condemned them to five years' imprisonment: but in one of the storms of the Revolution all three succeeded in effecting their escape. At a subsequent period, Paul Miette settled as a wine-seller at Belleville, near Paris, and even had the impudence to place his name upon the show-board in the front of his shop.

The exact number of the diamonds stolen on this occasion was never ascertained, nor what became of the finest and most valuable.

THE TEASING HUSBAND.

Mr. EDITOR,

I AM at this moment in such a passion with your sex, that if I could exterminate them with a wish, I really believe I should do it; and if it was possible to paint to you half my provocations, you would not blame me. I am but just turned of nineteen, and have for more than a year been the wife of a gentleman, who is worse, at least in my opinion, ten thousand times than Blue-Beard, because that savage wight, in the summary method he chose to adopt of ridding himself of his helpmates, did not add torture to cruelty; but my tyrant's plan is to torture his wives to death: in short, sir, to speak intelligibly, he has already dispatched two, and I suppose he hopes that I shall be the third, by the slow but certain method of perpetual teasing.

By the will of my father, who died while I was very young, I became at the age of eighteen mis-

tress of myself and my fortune; and as my guardian was a man of austere manners, I anticipated my release from his authority with pleasure. When I was little more than seventeen Mr. Worrett paid his addresses to me, but was formally dismissed by my guardian, who assigned to me as a reason, that he was certain the man would break my heart, as he had already done those of two wives, neither of whom had survived their marriage above a year. Unluckily for me, my guardian was violent and arbitrary, and I supposed him influenced in his decision either by misinformation or dislike of Mr. Worrett, whose gentle, amiable, and insinuating manners made me suppose it impossible he could be guilty of such cruelty; his temper appeared sweetness itself. *Entre nous*, I did try it pretty well before I gave him my hand; and from the manner in which he bore my caprices, I really believed him a miracle of patience and good-humour. In short, sir, on the day after I had attained my eighteenth year I made him master of myself and my fortune, rejecting, through a mistaken delicacy, the advice of my prudent guardian, to secure to myself at least part of my fortune.

You will easily imagine, that in my girlish exultation in taking possession of an elegant house, and becoming, as I conceived, my own mistress, I prattled away with all the volubility of my age, and enjoyed perhaps too freely the first moments of my new-born liberty. Alas! this state of bliss did not last long; before the honey-moon had expired, I found that what I considered severity in the conduct of my guardian, was the extreme of indulgence compared to my husband's behaviour. I had heard, indeed, that married men gradually laid aside the lover and assumed the husband, but my amiable spouse made but one step from the most tender submission to the grossest tyranny. My enchanting *naïveté*, as he called it before marriage, was now childish folly; my gaiety, which he used to say enlivened all around me, levity and impertinence. This last reproach was the most insupportable of all, and I took care to tell him so. How do you think he answered me?—by a positive order to be silent. Conceive, sir—but no, as a man it is impossible for you to conceive my feelings, on receiving a command which patient Grizzle herself would not have heard with meekness or submission.

I was silent for nearly five minutes from surprise and indignation, but, as soon as the power of speech returned, I began a remonstrance, which the lout interrupted by desiring me to retire to my apartment; and perceiving that I did not evince any sign of compliance, he led me to it himself, with an assurance, that if I did not remain there till dinner, he should be under the necessity of locking me up, to prevent my exposing myself.

I should wear out your patience, Mr. Editor, were I to enumerate all the methods in which Mr. Worrett exerts what he calls conjugal authority, but which would be more truly denominated barbarous tyranny. Every thing I say or do gives him some opportunity of finding fault with me. My dress,

my occupations, even my looks, are all sure to furnish food for his sarcastic and teasing humour. If I conform to the fashions, he either bursts into a rude and bitter philippic on my want of decency, or else declares I have no idea of a medium, and that I must either be half naked, or enveloped in flounces and furbelows till little more than my nose is visible. Tired sometimes of being thus teased, I became indifferent to my appearance, and contented myself with being neat, without studying to be fashionable; but even this did not exempt me from persecution, for I was sure to be ridiculed because I looked like nobody else. If I attempted to take up a light publication to amuse a passing hour, he sneers at my folly in wasting my time with such nonsense; and if he sees me engaged in the perusal of a scientific work, I am sure to be advised, with a most provoking air, not to puzzle myself with what it is impossible for me to comprehend. On these occasions I sometimes throw aside my book, and fly to my harp or my pencil; but my performance on the harp, which he used to commend in the most extravagant terms, he now declares an outrage upon harmony that he cannot possibly endure in silence; and he is sure to station himself at the back of my chair if he perceives me drawing, in order to abuse my work with all the airs of a professed connoisseur.

I might find a remedy for domestic vexation if I was allowed to visit or receive my friends alone, but that is not the case; I must not do either without his express permission, which he has so often refused to give me, that I am now reduced to almost total solitude, or rather to an almost continual *tête-à-tête* with my tormentor, who actually never suffers me to be a moment alone.

I was a considerable time before I could conceive what his object in so steadily adhering to a plan of persecution, which gave himself an infinity of trouble, could be; but finding that his first wife died of a nervous fever, and his second of a consumption it struck me immediately, that he hoped to worry me into one or other of these disorders, and so get rid of his fetters the third time. He shall, however, find himself mistaken; my constitution is uncommonly good, and I am determined to live, if it was only to disappoint him. But as a state of continual warfare cannot, I think, be very desirable to him, I am perfectly willing to come to any reasonable terms of separation; and as I know he is a constant reader of the *Repository*, it struck me, that a letter to you might be favoured with insertion; and that upon calculating the chance of my outliving him, which, as I am considerably younger, and obstinately determined not to be tormented to death, is at least probable, he may prevail upon himself to be content with the greatest part of my fortune, and suffer me to exist upon the rest in quiet. If, Mr. Editor, you can find room for this letter in your elegant work, you will, by its insertion, perform an act of real humanity, for which I shall always remain your grateful, humble servant,

WINIFRED WORRETT.

THE IMPROVIDENT FATHER.

——————— Basely they
The sacred cause for which they're born betray,
Who give up virtue for a worthless life.——JUVENAL, *Sat.* viii.

THE manners of the Rev. Lemuel Lessingham were unfortunately not those which commanded respect, or excited esteem. Doomed to a profession for which he had no taste, while at the same time it was the only one that offered him a competency, he was educated for the church, not because he felt himself by nature and habits fitted to become a worthy member of it, but because the interest of his father's friend lay only in clerical promotion: for *he* delighted in the feats of country sports and town dissipation; the colour of his attire plainly shewed how irksome the sacred office was to his feelings; his table glittered with unpaid-for ostentation, and while his face gladdened at his reputation for good-fellowship, and he sought for his children the most fashionable connections, he neglected to store their minds with that which could alone qualify them to adorn that society in which he wished them to move. Nor did he fortify their minds with that religious consolation which might defend their hearts against the shafts of adversity, which he must have known his imprudence would one day or another arm against them. How easy is it to put on the appearance of fulfilling our duty, but how difficult to practise its dictates! You might see the Rev. Mr. Lessingham (for I think I see him now as he paced up the small Gothic aisle), in affected humility, pausing at every step, meekness and religion throwing a holy awe round his countenance, pale and wan; a few powdered hairs marked the ravages that time was making on a venerable countenance. He steps into the reading-desk; is he not wholly absorbed in the sacred duty he is about to perform? He opens the Bible *enfeebled*, I was almost going to say, with holiness; and when he uttered, with an audible, yet faultering voice, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves;" each word, each aspiration, appeared replete with the conscious infirmity of his nature, mixed with hopes of pardon for future amendment. The cadences of his sermon are still in my ears: he taught, indeed, as one having authority, but he seemed to feel as one who had also his failings in common with those he was addressing; and when he arrived at the blessing, when he uttered the "Peace of God, which passeth all understanding," that peace seemed to be his. The service concluded, let me follow him home. I enter the rectory; I walk into the little room called a study; his children were hanging round him; his eldest daughter, the lovely Emma, was on his knee; her white arm reclined on his shoulder; and at the age of fifteen, it was perhaps no great *fooling* if a fond father did kiss his child, even if strangers should be present. It was a picture that a Westall might paint, a theme for an Addison or a Mackenzie to write on: let me contemplate it in idea, for the reality

of it is fled for ever! Dear to me was that house, for the children of it were innocent, and dear to me the unfortunate victims of a father's faults; scenes of my youth, ye are fled, vanished for ever!

Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung,
When round the ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee;
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,
And all was sunshine in each youthful breast.

Such is the picture of what was once the household of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, but the delusions of pleasure, which the stranger felt on entering this abode, he was not long allowed to enjoy. The meekness of the man of God was too often pulled off with the garb of his office. No poor, either of infancy or age, pressed around him; for the lower orders of society he never deigned to notice, and the respectable shopkeeper he never paid. "The peace of God," just uttered, was scarcely cool upon his lips, which would quiver with an oath at some feat of youthful delinquency, or trivial depredation. His character would be sacrificed in a moment to the stranger for the loss of a nectarine or a turnip, and the lovely Emma be dashed from his arms in the concussion of political controversy. His wife, her spirits subdued by the overbearing of dictatorial pomposity, sat silent by his side, or ever and anon threw in palliatives to divert the coming storm; which, nevertheless, did not always roll by. How imposing at times is the conduct of human nature! and who among us is so fortunate as to be able to say, "The more I know of that man, the more does he rise in my esteem?" The charms of novelty, that dispeller of the vile and sordid passions, will make the most violent man appear comparatively amiable; for in the absence of passion, he is, of all others, most anxious to make amends for his insane moments, when no temptation causes him to forget to play the philanthropist. Is it then wonderful that a new face pleases when its owner comes masked in complacency and good wishes towards you? It is in the habits of intimacy that we gain courage to shew our bad propensities; and it is the privilege of intimacy alone to make us careless of our reputation for good-nature.

To recapitulate the failings, the disgraces, and anxieties of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, would only be to add another picture to the exhibition of human error. I shall not dwell much on these. Having lavished more than every farthing he could spare, having beggared the rest of his family in order to indulge in the gambling speculation of placing one son in the *expectancy* of future greatness, this son was cut off before he reached the destined goal. The stream from which the whole family was to be supplied was dried up. To lose a son beloved by all around him, gives a pang that requires all our religion and self-possession, with a good conscience, to bear up against with common fortitude; to have to endure such a loss, when these are wanting, must doubly wring a father's heart.

The Rev. Mr. Lessingham now found himself the father of twelve children, with an income capable

of supporting barely half the number; and it may rationally be supposed, that so desperate a disease would in time effect its own cure by the adoption of as desperate a remedy. We only temporize when Hope bids us look forward to better days: she leaves us, and we begin to reform. It may be supposed that the Rev. Mr. Lessingham reduced, at least on the loss of his son, "the glittering pageants of his court;" he did no such thing. Conscious that he was but visited for the costly viands which he heaped upon his table, he still clutched this unreal mockery. He had not the courage to become respectable rather than culpable, but hugged the fond ruin as the veriest child hugs the kitten that will wound it. He could behold two daughters, whom painters would have chosen as models for the beautiful wood nymphs, entirely destitute. He could bear the spectre ever and anon flitting before him—for he dared not face it—of a duteous wife reduced to comparative beggary; and if he could not contemplate it, the rudeness of his creditors told him, that a prison must close his, and a workhouse his children's days. And yet this man would tell you, he loved, he doated on his children! Yet while the storm raged without, and his doors were besieged with duns, while some hopes, false and visionary, clung to his breast, and presented the cup of stupified inebriety, the charm which kept him from thinking, and prevented every effort to release himself from ruin, he still seemed to believe that all was peace within. I watched him from Champagne and Burgundy, Madeira and claret, to port and sherry, from port and sherry to the constant dram, from his chariot to his gig, and at a time of life when his carriage should have been at his command, and a glass of Madeira have warmed his old heart, have seen his weakened frame shivering in the blast, walking to the cold grave to read the last speaking service over a departed brother: yet the grave spoke no moral to him; and as the tempest whistled around him, as he feebly articulated, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," he harboured no other thought than of the paltry fee of duty, which might cause one moment of selfish pleasure, by the purchase of some vinous cordial to a heart almost dead to excitation. Still he shuffled at, whilst now and then checked by his fretful irritation, the too often shuffled and decyphered cards, and nailed his children to them for the evening; and still he hugged those children whom he was devoting to ruin. The climax of his fate faster and more fast approached. The tradesman had too often taken his word to take it longer; the patron had too often received the humiliating note for the requested loan never to be paid; and his noble pupils returned the letter of "compelled by my necessities," with contempt for a man who had only taught them the mysteries of Newmarket and the Cocoa-tree. The nervous shake of the hand of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, debilitated with the last night's excess, no longer passed for religious feeling; he was eyed with scorn as the holy book quivered in his hand: at length he was seized with an apopletic fit,

and the Rev. Mr. Lessingham, rector of Horton, vicar of Rendlemere, chaplain to Lord B———, and minor canon of one of our cathedrals, became a driveller for a week, at the end of which he sighed, looked wistfully at his children, grasped the hand of his wife, and gave up the ghost. * * * *

Behold now a blooming family at one stroke destitute of *every* hope! I have drawn a picture which I cannot myself contemplate unmoved, because it is a *true* one. Julia, the little laughing, unconscious Julia, the pensive Emma, all, all deserted by every one but their God. Without a knowledge of the world, without even the education of a tradesman's daughters, which their father ever despised, what is to become of two young females, who possess no particular mental attraction but good-nature, and no way of becoming necessary to the world, except as a walking herald, to note the marriages and intermarriages of those who, in better times, honoured them with notice, but who long since have veiled themselves in oblivion!

Is there a father now walking at the edge of such a precipice as that on which Mr. Lessingham walked, and can he say for a surety, "*The fate of my children cannot be as the fate of the children of the Rev. Mr. Lessingham?*"

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN POWELL AMONG THE INDIANS.

THE following particulars relative to the cruelty of the North American Indians to their captives, are given on the authority of an American paper, the *Janesville Express*, of the 12th of September, 1816.

Benjamin Powell, aged about forty-five years, passed through this town (Janesville) last week, on his return from Indian slavery, after an absence from his friends of nearly five years. He appears to be a man of truth and considerably intelligent. His simple but affecting narration excited a lively interest in his behalf in several citizens in this place; they administered to his necessities, by furnishing him with pecuniary aid sufficient to defray his expenses to Dayton, where he expects to find some of his surviving friends. In confirmation of his interesting story, he exhibited a hand nearly burnt off, and shewed upwards of twenty scars on his body, most of which were evidently made with a tomahawk. The following is a brief sketch of his history:—

Benjamin Powell, in the year 1808, removed from Kentucky, the upper fork of the Sandusky river, and settled on a tract of land belonging to Colonel Patterson. The surrounding country was then a wilderness, except that Powell had one neighbour, who lived a short distance from him. Powell had a wife and three children; his neighbour had a family also. They had frequent intercourse with the Indians, who were apparently very civil and friendly for upwards of two years after their settlement in that remote part of the country. Soon after the battle of Tippecanoe (of which Powell and his

neighbour had not heard a syllable), on the 27th day of October, 1811, about twilight in the evening, the cabin of Powell was attacked by a considerable number of Indians. His wife and eldest son were shot dead, and the two children were killed with a tomahawk. Powell himself was shot through the body, and then tomahawked in a most shocking manner, the Indians having given him between twenty and thirty wounds, but supposing him dead, stayed their butchering hands and left him. Powell's neighbour and all his family were killed at the same time. Powell was left in that dreadful situation until morning, enduring the most excruciating pains of body from his numerous wounds—his distress of mind no pen can describe! The darkness of the night was rendered tenfold horrible by the surrounding scenes, while the "king of terrors," in his most terrific form, was staring him in the face. As soon as it was light he saw an Indian approaching him, whom he recognized to be an old acquaintance, a Shawnee chief, named the *Little Captain*. Powell besought the savage to put an end to his misery. The Little Captain gazed at him awhile, and said, "No, no, the Great Spirit won't let me kill you." He then dressed his wounds, telling him it was the prophet's orders not to kill any whom the Great Spirit would not let die: meaning, perhaps, that where the life of a victim was preserved as it were by a miracle, as was the case with Powell, it intimated that it was the pleasure of the Great Spirit that such a person should live. Powell thinks the Indians are excellent surgeons; they cured his wounds with the nicest skill and most astonishing rapidity, although most of the bone of the left thigh was taken out during the cure.

As soon as practicable, Powell was carried to the old Shawnee town, situate about twenty miles from Lake Erie; there, after he had continued about eight moons, he got acquainted with the famous Bird: he saw his thumb-nail twisted off by the Indians, in endeavouring to make him disclose some plot which they suspected. After Bird had got away and was brought back, Powell heard him adjudged to *three days' burning:* and all the white prisoners in the town were compelled to be witnesses of the distressing scene. Bird's hand was burnt off, and one of his arms consumed to the bone, when, providentially, a Scotchman purchased his life for a gallon of rum, as stated in Bird's Life.

Powell remained with the savages upwards of four years; he was a slave to the Little Captain, who repeatedly threatened him with certain death should he attempt to make his escape, and who also reckoned his scalp among his trophies of victory, often talking of taking it off. Thus Powell lived in continued fear for his life. He learned to speak the Shawnee language fluently, and became acquainted with the manners and customs of the Indians. They can scarcely be called idolaters, in the common acceptation of the word, for they worship the Great Spirit, whose place of special residence they conceive to be in the sun; they do not render religious homage to any creature. The pro-

phet is a grand impostor, not more remarkable for the ugliness of his person, than for the deformity of his mind—a wretch destitute of feeling, and abandoned to every thing that is bad. To this demon in human form may be attributed most of the enormities committed by the savages in the late war. He had a liberal education, and had been instructed in the Christian religion, having been designed for a Roman Catholic priest: he therefore sins against knowledge. The impostor made the credulous Indians believe, that the earthquakes in 1812 were occasioned by his *shaking himself*, and that he had done it to punish them for not fighting better against the Americans. He also told them, that he had stopped a large hole at the bottom of the Lake Erie, which occasioned the unusual rise of the water in that lake. Being able to foretel eclipses, he derived not a little consequence from that circumstance.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A grand Duet for the Piano-Forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Elizabeth Engström, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 5s.

To assign to this duet the foremost place in our present critique, is but a small token of the opinion we entertain of its value. It is a classic production fully entitled to rank with the works of our great masters, and certainly the best of Mr. Lithander's compositions, several of which we have on former occasions brought under the notice of our readers with deserved commendation: but in the present duet we observe grandeur of style combined with elegance of expression, refined taste, true science, and elaborate finish, so pre-eminently displayed, that we are inclined to think the author himself will concur in the preference which we give to it over his antecedent performances, however meritorious. It consists of a short introductory slow movement, an allegro, an andante, and a rondo, the whole in C major, except the andante, which is in the key of F. Without selecting individual excellencies, we have to remark, generally, that the allegro distinguishes itself by its energetic character, by the eminently able arrangement of the two parts, which act either *concertante*, or are riveted into each other with the greatest skill, by the fluency and selectness of the quick passages, and the scientific cast of the modulations. As a specimen, among many, of the very able manner in which the two parts are made to support each other, we will only advert to the beginning of the second strain (*pp.* 6, 7), the two first lines of which at once shew the master in his art. The andante, besides some of the merits above enumerated, ingratiates itself by the rich vein of chaste musical feeling which pervades its whole structure; its theme is particularly soft and pathetic; the accessory ideas are throughout select, and developed, both melodically as well as metrically, with infinite delicacy of expression. One passage especially, in the beginning of *pp.* 14 and 15, appears to

is so very finely thrown between the two parts, that we cannot omit distinctly alluding to it. The rondo presents one of the most able four-handed scores from beginning to end; the manner in which the parts are dovetailed into each other is altogether above our praise: interesting as the ideas are of themselves, their attraction is infinitely heightened by this masterly treatment.

We cannot dismiss this duet without earnestly recommending it to the *notice* of real amateurs, convinced as we are that its performance will be sufficient to recommend it to their *favour*. It requires two good players, especially as the tempos are rather quick; but it contains no intricacies of deterring aspect, and presents the additional feature of great merit, that the melody is not lost between the indistinctness of the additional keys and the lower bass notes, an objection which but too often attaches itself to piano-forte compositions for four hands.

"*The Savoyard Boy,*" *sung by Master Williams at Sadler's Wells Theatre, in the favourite Burletta "The Boarding-School Miss," written by C. Dibdin, Esq. composed* by Miss M. Dibdin. Pr. 1s. 6d.

This little ballad evinces the continued patronage of the Pierian sisters towards the family whose name the fair composer bears. It is a promising specimen of musical talent; the symphony is neat and appropriate, and the melody of the vocal part both unaffectedly pleasing and corresponding with the tenor of the words (in the 1st stanza at least). The passage, "About sad and hungry I go," is particularly well told in the minor key; and the melody to "A trifle in pity bestow," equally apposite. The accompaniment is, in general, correct and effective.

"*The Barrel of Ale,*" *sung in ditto, written by ditto, composed* by John Whitaker. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Without any pretensions to originality, this song is set, with propriety, in a plain style, so as to afford a sufficient and respectable melodical vehicle for the humorous text. The burden, "A barrel of old humming ale," is well rendered.

"*The Smithfield Bargain,*" *sung in ditto, written and composed* as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A humorous song of a broader cast, to which the foregoing observations seem fully applicable.

"*Sally Wiggins,*" *sung in ditto, written and composed* as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Likewise a comic effusion, the music to which is rather more select, in point of style, than in the two cases above-mentioned. An agreeable and unlaboured flow of melody is observable throughout, which derives additional interest from the accompaniment being, in this instance, set independent of the voice.

"*Fair Anna's Cot,*" *sung in ditto, written and composed* as above. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Short as this ballad is, the composer has thrown into the few lines of his labour a considerable degree of tender and expressive simplicity. The melody is, perhaps, upon the whole, not equal to the plaintive import of the text, but its general complexion is pathetic and interesting. At "Fair Anna, like

her cot, no more," in the last line, the pause upon "like" seems to us to militate against the punctuation of the words.

The favourite Air of Callar Herrings, adapted, with a new Symphony, so as to form an easy (?) Lesson, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Orr, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 1s.

As the author informs us by a note, that he intends to publish every month a favourite air, on the plan of the one before us, we feel called upon to suggest the expediency of attending more to executive facility, if the term "easy lesson" is to be applied to the future publications on this plan. In other respects, and with the exception of the observation we shall presently add, this lesson (in B b) meets with our approbation: we perceive a variety of well-imagined ideas, properly developed, and treated with neatness of harmonic arrangement. The concluding line we deem objectionable: 1st. because the melody in E b is retained too near to the end, and the resolution into the key effected too abruptly; and 2dly. because the conclusion in the last bar is imperfect. We really turned the page fully persuaded that something must follow.

Impromptu, composed at Brighton the 26th October, 1812, *in honour of the Right Hon. the Earl of De Lawarr coming of Age, and most respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess De Lawarr,* by Louis Von Esch. Pr. 3s. 6d.

If this title is strictly correct, we are of opinion, a better day's work than that of Mr. V. E. on the 26th October, 1812, was seldom, if ever, accomplished. The eight pages of this "Impromptu" contain four or five movements of the most serious as well as lively complexion, all of which are entitled to our unqualified approbation. Mr. Von Esch's style of composition, while free from every affectation of far-fetched ideas and abstruse harmonic modulation, is rendered interesting by the purity and graceful turn of his melodies, the mellow connection with which one idea links itself to the other, and the neatness of the general harmony. All these merits are conspicuous in the "Impromptu." The introductory prelude in six flats is very good; the *grave* in E b proceeds with a well-measured expression of solemnity and feeling, and exhibits crossed-hand passages of the best effect. Of the andante, which succeeds, we are warranted in speaking equally in terms of commendation; and the waltz, which concludes the whole, with its trio, variation, and other digressive matter, is truly elegant. What enhances the value of this publication is its comparative executive facility, a merit which distinguishes most of the works of this author. The "Impromptu" is eminently adapted for the practice of the pupil.

"When Sappho tuned," a Canzonet, written by Dr. Smollett, composed by M. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s.

This canzonet bears evidence of the studied care with which the author has endeavoured to avoid trivial and commonplace expressions, and, we are free to say, affords several instances of meritorious attention to harmonic arrangement; but upon the whole we do not think that full justice has been done to the well-known lines which form the text, and the

beauty of which has very successfully engaged the pens of former composers. The symphony is clever, but too artificial and too little analogous to the theme of the song itself. As to the vocal part, which Mr. M. has divided into several strains, in common and triple time, the different ideas do not, in our opinion, bear that relation to each other which is required to form a well-connected whole, however interesting at times individual periods may be. Among several cases of awkward harmony, we mention the last bar but two, *p.* 6, where E 6 follows most unaccountably on D 3. In the same page, the C in the bass of bar 7 is likewise objectionable. The whole of the last page appears to us, more than any other portion, defective in point of character and expression, and unmeaning. Some instances, in which the accompaniment is set *above* the voice, ought not to pass unnoticed; the more so as the practice is not uncommon, although decidedly censurable in cases where the accompaniment merely follows the voice step by step.

"*Arise, thou bright Sun,*" *the much-admired Song written in Honour of the royal Nuptials between the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, by J. W. Lake, Esq.; sung with the greatest applause in the most festive Parties by T. Phillips, by whom it is respectfully dedicated to the Right Hon. Matthew Wood, the Lord Mayor, during whose mayoralty this happy union was solemnized.* The music composed by J. Addison. Pr. 2s.

The above title had raised in us expectations which we must confess were not altogether satisfied. The melody, besides being too stern for the import of the text, is conceived in a stiff obsolete style, and exhibits nothing new in point of ideas; and the accompaniment, of the bass in particular, is rather naked. The key is F major, but the very first bar modulates to D minor, and the 2d ends in B♭. The key ought always to be well told in the subject: but the progress through the chord of the relative minor appears to be a favourite step with the author, D 3 being introduced in almost every period: the effect of this, and of other similar harmonies in the song, adds to the tinge of gloomy languor and hardness more or less prevailing in the present air. The leap from B to G at "Coburg unite" appears to us awkward, and the pause on "*and*" at "and echo," although the like occurs in other vocal compositions, we disapprove: the classic masters of Italy and Germany rarely, if ever, put pauses to leading notes.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

(From WARDEN'S *Letters on Board the Northumberland and at St. Helena.*)

At Sea, ———.

I SHALL begin this letter by introducing a very interesting person to your attention, and who, in our various quarter-deck conversations, had not been hitherto mentioned. It

was the Empress Josephine. Her name happening to occur, she became the spontaneous subject of very animated eulogiums; when she was represented as possessing a sweetness of disposition, an elegance of manners, and a certain melody of voice, that irresistibly charmed every one, without any exception as to situation or capacity, who were admitted to her presence. The sudden death of this excellent lady was very generally lamented, and is attributed to a very extraordinary circumstance, and a very exalted personage. I will relate the event to you in the words, as far as memory serves, in which the Count de las Cases conveyed it as an undeniable fact to me. Josephine, it seems, had so far won the admiration and high esteem of the Emperor Alexander, that his imperial majesty used to dedicate many of his leisure hours to the pleasure of her fascinating conversation. His visits were not only frequent but continual during his stay at Paris. Her state of health was but indifferent, and on some particular occasion, her physician had prescribed medicines of a nature that required the utmost care and precaution, and an absolute confinement to her chamber: but, at this time, the emperor paid one of his visits, when her respect for him rendered her incautious, and she received the imperial guest in the usual manner. They walked during the time of his stay in the gardens of Malmaison; and the consequence of this promenade was fatal:—she was seized with a violent inflammation in the lungs, which defied all medical assistance, and in a few hours she was no more.

From the same authority I give you an account of her marriage with Napoleon, which certainly differs, as far as my recollection serves, from the credited histories of that event: it is not, however, for me to attempt a reconciliation of opposing narratives; but to relate for your amusement, what I have heard, and the author of my information: it is as follows:—

An order which was issued by the Convention to disarm the citizens, occasioned the introduction of Bonaparte, then a general, and high in military command, to Josephine. Her husband was said to have suffered eighteen months before the circumstance about to be mentioned. He had left a son, Eugene Beauharnois, at this time a most interesting youth, who took an opportunity to address the general on the parade, and solicit his father's sword; which, according to the late order, had been removed from his mother's residence. Bonaparte, charmed by the request and the animated modesty with which it was made, instantly granted it. The mother wrote a letter the following day to thank the general for his kindness to her son. This grateful attention produced a visit on his part, and the lady not being at home, she sent a note of apology and particular invitation. An interview of course followed: he was instantly captivated, and in six weeks they were married.—It had been generally thought, I believe, that the second marriage did not obliterate his regard for her: and it is here asserted, by those who are qualified to form a correct opinion of the matter, that he would have given more evident proofs of

his regard, if the jealousy of the second empress had not interposed to prevent them.

Having induced you, perhaps, to suppose that Napoleon was susceptible of love, I shall introduce Madame Bertrand, to persuade you that he is not without a capacity for friendship. She related, in a very impressive manner, to us, the last interview with Duroc, Duke of Friuli, and his afflicted sovereign.

That officer, who, as it will appear, stood high in his master's regard and confidence, was struck by a cannon-ball, as he was reconnoitring the position for a night encampment of the army, and his bowels fell to the ground; when he had the extraordinary resolution to collect and replace them with his own hands on the spot. In this hopeless state he was removed to a neighbouring cottage, where he survived twenty-four hours. A mortification soon took place, and a very offensive smell began to issue from his body, which continued to increase. After he had been some time in this state, the emperor came to visit and console him. The dying man, after expressing his acknowledgments to his master for this gracious act of kindness, which he accompanied with sentiments of the utmost loyalty and devotion, recommended his wife and daughter to the imperial protection; and then entreated him to depart, lest the effluvia proceeding from him might be attended with infection. She represented Napoleon's grief as perfectly romantic, and stated as a fact, that he lay—for it is not to be supposed that he slept—a whole night on the stone which covered the grave of his friend.

I happened to be at Longwood when Mr. Raffles, the late governor of Java, and his suite, obtained permission to visit the grounds at Longwood. In a short time after Mr. Raffles had taken his leave, I received a message from Napoleon to join him in the garden. On my arrival there I found him surrounded by his whole suite, Mesdames and Messieurs, with the carriage drawn up, saddle-horses by it, and all ready for immediate departure. My appearance, however, disarranged their intention: for instead of stepping into the carriage, the principal person of the scene turned round, as if to address me. I bowed, removed my hat from my head, and instantly replaced it; while the marshals, counts, and generals stood with their hats under their arms. That circumstance did not altogether disturb me; though my gallantry was somewhat embarrassed on account of the ladies, whose petticoats were blowing about them from a smart and rather unmannerly breeze.—"Do you know," he said, "this governor of Java?"—"I know no more of him than from the introduction of to-day."—"Do you know any thing of that island?"—"What I know of it is merely from the information of others."—"The Dutch have represented it as a pestilential climate; but I believe that a more favourable opinion is now entertained of it."—"I believe so: at least we have not found it so bad as, from previous accounts, we had reason to expect."—"Have you ever seen a case of the plague?" —"Never."—"Do you know the

disease?"—"My only knowledge of it proceeds from what I have read."—"The army of Egypt suffered much by it; and I had some difficulty in supporting the spirits of many of those who remained free from it. Yet for two years I contrived to keep my soldiers ignorant of what I myself knew. The disease can only be communicated through the organs of respiration."—I replied, "that I had understood actual contact would convey it."—"No," he said: "I visited the hospital constantly, and touched the bodies of the sick to give confidence to their attendants; being convinced by observation, that the disease could only be communicated by the lungs. At the same time I always took the precaution of visiting after a meal and a few glasses of wine; placing myself on the side of the infected person from which the wind blew."—We must have been at least twenty minutes in conversation, with the suite in all the formality of attendance, when I thought proper to make some show of retiring; but he would not take the hint for a considerable time. At length he made a slight bow, and led Madame Bertrand to the carriage: he followed; and I stood to see them drive off: observing, however, that there was a vacant seat in the carriage, he hailed me to come and take a ride with them: I, of course, accepted the invitation; and I declare, if it had been a party in a jaunting car to a country fair in Ireland, there would not have been more mirth, ease, and affability.

The carriage drove off at a pretty round pace, and the pleasantry of Napoleon seemed to keep pace with it. He began to talk English; and having thrown his arm half round Madame Bertrand's neck, he exclaimed, addressing himself to me, "This is my mistress!—O not mistress—yes, yes, this is my mistress!" while the lady was endeavouring to extricate herself, and the count her husband bursting with laughter. He then asked if he had made a mistake, and being informed of the English interpretation of the word, he cried out, "O, no, no—I say, my friend, my love; no, not love; my friend, my friend." The fact was, that Madame Bertrand had been indisposed for several days, and he wished to rally her spirits, as well as to give an unreserved ease to the conversation. In short, to use a well-known English phrase—he was the life of the party.

The circuitous windings of the ride at Longwood may extend to five or six miles; and in our progress with a half-comic, half-serious countenance, he asked this very unexpected question:—"In the course of your practice, and on your conscience, how many patients have you killed?"—It is not unlikely that I looked a little surprised; but I calmly answered, "My conscience does not accuse me of having caused the death of any one." He laughed, and continued: "I imagine that physicians may mistake diseases: that they may sometimes do too much, at other times too little. After you have treated a case that has terminated fatally, have you not reflected with yourself, and said—Well, if I had not bled, or vice versâ, if I had bled this man, he would have recovered; or if he had not consulted

a physician at all, he might have been now alive."—I made no reply.

I expressed to him my surprise at the general good health which he had uniformly experienced during the singular vicissitudes of his extraordinary life.--"Yes," he said, "my health has been very good. When the Italian army was encamped in the vicinity of swamps, many suffered by fever, while I had not any complaint; as I observed temperance and a generally abstemious balancing between my appetite and the powers of my digestive organs. I had, at the same time, exercise sufficient both of the body and the mind."—"It was reported, however, that you were very ill on your return from Egypt." —"I was very thin; and at that time subject to a bad cough. For my recovery I was indebted to Dr. Corvisart, who blistered me twice on the chest."—"Report also said, that you were then subject to an eruption, at least on the skin.—— Your friend Goldsmith says so."— "Yes," he answered, "I will tell you."—Never shall I forget the pleasant manner in which he related this anecdote.

"At the siege of Toulon I commanded a small battery of *two guns*. One of your boats approached close to the shore, and firing their gun, killed two cannoneers by my side. I seized a ram-rod when it fell from the dead soldier's *warm* hand. The man, as it happened, was diseased; and I found myself in a very few days suffering under an inveterate *itch*. I had recourse to baths for a cure, and at that time succeeded. Five years after I had a return of the same complaint with increased violence, and I presume it had worked in my blood during the whole interval. Of that I was shortly cured, and have never since had any return."

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY MARRIAGES.

(From *The Correspondence of Dr.* FRANKLIN.)

TO JOHN ALLEYNE, ESQ.

Craven-street, Aug 9, 1768.

Dear JACK,—YOU desire, you say, my impartial thoughts on the subject of an early marriage, by way of answer to the numberless objections that have been made by numerous persons to your own. You may remember, when you consulted me on the occasion, that I thought youth on both sides to be no objection. Indeed, from the marriages that have fallen under my observation, I am rather inclined to think that early ones stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits of the young are not yet become so stiff and uncomplying, as when more advanced in life; they form more easily to each other, and hence many occasions of disgust are removed. And if youth has less of that prudence which is necessary to manage a family, yet the parents and elder friends of young married persons are generally at hand to afford their advice, which amply supplies that defect; and by early marriage, youth is sooner formed to regular and useful life; and possibly some of those accidents or connections that might have injured the constitution or reputation, or both, are thereby

happily prevented. Particular circumstances of particular persons may possibly sometimes make it prudent to delay entering into that state; but in general, when nature has rendered our bodies fit for it, the presumption is in nature's favour, that she has not judged amiss in making us desire it. Late marriages are often attended, too, with this further inconvenience, that there is not the same chance that the parents shall live to see their offspring educated.—"Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans."—A melancholy reflection to those whose case it may be! With us in America marriages are generally in the morning of life: our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves; such as our friend at present enjoys. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; and from the mode among us, founded by nature, of every mother suckling and nursing her own child, more of them are raised. Thence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe. In fine, I am glad you are married, and congratulate you most cordially upon it. You are now in the way of becoming a useful citizen; and you have escaped the unnatural state of celibacy for life—the fate of many here, who never intended it, but who, having too long postponed the change of their condition, find, at length, that it is too late to think of it, and so live all their lives in a situation that greatly lessens a man's value. An odd volume of a set of books bears not the value of its proportion to the set; what think you of the odd half of a pair of scissars? it can't well cut any thing; it may possibly serve to scrape a trencher.

Pray make my compliments and best wishes acceptable to your bride. I am old and heavy, or I should ere this have presented them in person. I shall make a small use of the old man's privilege, that of giving advice to younger friends. Treat your wife always with respect; it will procure respect to you, not only from her, but from all that observe it. Never use a slighting expression to her, even in jest; for slights in jest, after frequent bandyings, are apt to end in angry earnest. Be studious in your profession, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be in general virtuous, and you will be happy. At least, you will, by such conduct, stand the best chance for such consequences. I pray God to bless you both; being ever your affectionate friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A WHITE poplin round dress, made half-high, with plain long sleeves; the body and the bottoms of the sleeves are trimmed with puffings of blond, intermixed with

white satin, and a single flounce of deep blond lace finishes the bottom of the skirt. The pelisse worn with this dress is composed of blue levantine, made about a quarter of a yard shorter than the gown: it is quite tight to the shape, the back something broader than last month, and the waist about the same length. A fancy floss silk trimming, of a very novel and pretty description, edges the pelisse, which is finished at the bottom by a deep flounce of blond lace. The Coburg cap, composed of black velvet, turned up a little on one side in front, and lined and edged with blue satin, is the head-dress worn with it; it is ornamented with a profusion of white ostrich feathers. This head-dress has much novelty, and is very becoming. The ruff is of plain blond, edged with narrow white satin ribbon, and an Indian scarf is thrown over the shoulders. An ermine muff, and gloves and slippers of blue kid, complete this elegant dress.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS

Is composed of white crape over white satin. The body, which is a mixture of satin and crape, is perfectly novel, and extremely becoming to the shape; it is confined to the waist by a cestus of white satin, fastened in front by a ruby clasp. The sleeve is long, and we refer for its form to our print. The skirt is trimmed with crape draperies, elegantly ornamented with bunches of roses. These draperies are surmounted by three rows of rich white fancy silk trimming. The hair, which is much parted on the forehead, is dressed very low at the sides, and the hind hair brought to a very moderate height. A wreath of roses, intermingled with exotics, is placed very far back on the head. White kid gloves, and white spotted silk slippers. Necklace, ear-rings, chain, &c. are composed of various coloured stones. A transparent silk shawl is thrown carelessly over the shoulders, in such a manner as to form a very elegant drapery.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

There is far more variety in the materials than in the form of promenade costume: cloth, velvet, and levantine, both striped and plain, are all in request. Coloured poplins are little worn, and muslin is scarcely seen at all.

Pelisses are most fashionable, but cloth walking dresses are also in estimation. The little change which we have to notice in the former is, that they are made less becomingly to the shape, as the backs, which had diminished to a moderate breadth, are now much wider, which, added to the excessive shortness of the waist, has a very ungraceful effect, particularly where the pelisse is made, as they are in general, full in the body. Sleeves are usually of a very moderate width, and collars are universal. Satin trimmings have given place to ermine and sable, both of which are worn very broad. Pelerine capes are now but partially worn. The most fashionable pelisse for the promenade, and certainly the most comfortable, is one which wraps nearly to the left side, and fastens so closely at the throat as to leave but little of the lace frill worn inside visible.

Velvet spencers are always worn

with cloth walking dresses: they are in general of a corresponding colour, and mostly trimmed with fur. We saw one, however, the other day ornamented in a different style, which we thought very novel and elegant. The dress was a Clarence blue cloth, and the trimming an intermixture of velvet and satin, each some shades lighter than the gown; it was about half a quarter in breadth, and looked very rich and elegant, without being in the least heavy. The trimming of the spencer was a narrow fluting of satin. There was nothing novel in its form, except a half sleeve divided into compartments by satin flutings, which had a very pretty effect.

We have no alteration to notice in walking bonnets, except that black straw seems to have declined in favour; beaver with cloth, or velvet with levantine or velvet dresses, being considered most fashionable. We have seen a few bonnets of the French shape composed of sable, but they have not been generally adopted.

The elegant pelisse which we described in our last number still continues in the highest estimation for the carriage costume; we speak of the close carriage, as wrapping coats are universally adopted for open vehicles. They are in general wadded, and lined with sarsnet. The trimming is always of rich fur: the most novel are those which fasten imperceptibly in front, and have a pelerine composed entirely of fur to correspond with the trimming of the coat, when the head-dress is the Polish cap, which has been revived under three or four new names. We consider these coats both elegant and appropriate for the open carriage. The Polish cap made always in fur, to correspond with the trimming, is now much higher than when it was first introduced. The band is always of gold, and it is worn with a white lace veil.

Coloured satins and plain sarsnets are both much in favour for dinner dress, and white poplin is considered peculiarly elegant. We have no alteration to notice in the form of dinner dress since our last number. Trimmings are various; blond is still worn, as is also satin and gauze: but the most no[illegible] and pretty trimming that we have observed, was a double flounce of gauze, finished at the edges by a narrow running border of velvet leaves, and a very full heading fancifully intermixed with narrow velvet ribbon. This trimming is much worn with white poplin or sarsnet, but white satin is most generally used to trim coloured satins; it is sometimes intermixed with blond; alternate puffings of blond and satin are very fashionable, and have, we think, a neat appearance.

No alteration has taken place in the materials for full dress since last month. The Charlotte spenceret still continues in high estimation. The Gloucester robe, composed of white satin, and ornamented with deep blond lace and a newly invented rich scarlet silk trimming, is the most elegant novelty of the month. The form of this dress is simply a frock, but the trimming, which is beautiful and disposed with much novelty and taste, gives it a very striking appearance. The skirt is ornamented

at the bottom by a row of blond, which is put on very full, and surmounted by the silk trimming we have just mentioned; a second row, to correspond, is placed at a considerable distance, and between these is a zigzag of blond, fastened up with scarlet silk ornaments to correspond. The form of the back, which is cut very low, is concealed by a piece of blond, so disposed as to form at once a pelerine and a half sleeve. Over a plain frock front, which shades the bosom in a very delicate manner, is another composed of three folds of blond, each edged with scarlet. This front comes down on each side so as to display the white satin one underneath, and forms the shape in a very becoming manner.

Caps continue to be much worn in half dress. The *cornette à la paysanne* is at present in high estimation: it is composed of plain net; the lower part is a mob, with very small ears; the upper part, which resembles in shape a Highlander's cap, is very high, and the net is extremely full, but confined across the crown in four or five places by satin pipes. The border is a double row of edging, which is sewed very full on the forehead, but plain round, except at the ears. A bunch of winter flowers and a bow of ribbon ornament it in front.

In full dress, *tocques* are the most fashionable head-dresses for all but very juvenile *belles*. In justice to our Gallic neighbours we must observe, that this is one of their fashions, which English *élégantes* have done well to adopt, and in which the taste of our own milliners has made considerable improvement. They are now of a very moderate height, and in general of an oval shape. They are composed of gauze, either striped or plain, velvet, *tulle*, and frequently a mixture of the two last. For *grand costume* they are in general spotted with silver, and adorned with jewels and feathers. When worn merely as an evening dress, they are ornamented with feathers only, and composed of plain materials.

Very young ladies, and those *belles* who rightly conceive that a fine head of hair ought not to be concealed by any head-dress, however beautiful, adorn their tresses with winter flowers, sprigs of exotics, or wreaths of the *camelia Japonica*. Aigrettes and combs of diamond or pearl are frequently the only ornaments for grand parties.

The simply elegant style of hair-dressing represented in our print is at present most fashionable.

There is nothing novel in jewellery since last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are, the darkest shade of red, royal purple, dark green, Clarence blue, and grey.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 20, 1817.

My dear Sophia,

I CANNOT, in conscience, do less, after all the compliments which you have lavished upon me, than comply with your desire to transmit to you monthly an account of the changes which take place in

the empire of Fashion: but I must repeat, what I have often before told you, that you, and I believe the generality of my fair country-women, are mistaken respecting the endless variety of French fashions; for there is a degree of sameness runs through them, generally speaking, which I never observed in England when our modes were of our own invention.

The promenade costume at present is more distinguished by neatness than show. *Carricks*, of light cloth, and without trimming, are very general. I do not know that I have ever described to you the form of this comfortable and appropriate winter dress, which is something between a pelisse and a loose wrapping coat; the body is made very full, and the front wraps entirely across to the right side. The entire fulness of the skirt is thrown behind, and it is confined to the waist by a narrow band of the same material. Three or four narrow straps buttoned to the right side keep it close in front. Four or five pelerine capes, which come no farther than the shoulder in front, conceal entirely the form of the body behind. A small prettily shaped collar stands up round the ruff, which is now again universally worn closed in front, and is in general of a very moderate size.

Pelisses of twilled levantine are also much in request; they are made exactly to fit the shape, and as no alteration has taken place with respect to the length of waists, form of sleeves, &c. since I wrote last, have little novelty, except a half sleeve and collar, both composed of puffings of silk to correspond, which have a new and tasteful appearance. These pelisses are lined, as are also the *carricks*, with sarsnet; but trimmings are very little worn, gimp excepted, which is in much request. The pelisses worn by *dashers*, whether composed of cloth or silk, are generally ornamented with small buttons, which are always of a different colour.

Velvet is, however, the material most in requisition with our *élégantes* of good taste for pelisses; crimson, deep blue, and emerald green are the favourite colours. They are made perfectly plain, and without trimming.

Witzchouras are still very general; some *belles* wear a small hood to them, which is a comfortable though not a very tasteful addition.

And now for the head. Silk plush, which was in such very high estimation when I wrote last, has given place, in a great measure, to velvet and satin; the latter, in particular, is very generally adopted for the promenade. Rose-colour and deep blue are very predominant, but white is in still greater favour, and black hats are also considered as elegant. There is much variety in the shape of bonnets, so much, indeed, that it would be hard to point out what was most fashionable. Small hats, the crown of a moderate size, and the front very small over the face, but sloped so as to come low on one side, are in high favour. They are in general composed of black or white satin or velvet, and lined and trimmed with rose colour. Sometimes a single rose is placed at the side, which is half concealed by a profusion of leaves; sometimes the ornament is a plume of down feathers, and not unfrequently the hat is quite plain:

when this is the case, a rich white lace veil, which reaches nearly to the knee, is worn with it.

Very small black velvet bonnets, lined and trimmed with yellow, and ornamented with a profusion of yellow feathers, are also in much estimation; and though they are certainly rather glaring, they are, upon the whole, more becoming than the generality of French bonnets. The crown is oval, the front small, except at the sides, where it comes low. A band of velvet, edged with yellow, passes under the chin, and is buttoned at the side; a plain band, to correspond, also goes round the crown, and the feathers, placed to the side, droop over the face. This hat is a particular favourite with fair beauties.

Plain large bonnets are also much worn; they are in general trimmed with blond, either white or black, but the former predominates even for black hats. Down feathers are generally thought more elegant than flowers, but the latter are still adopted by many *élégantes:* bouquets for hats are now, however, composed entirely of roses or auriculas, or sometimes a mixture of both. A cambric rose, with leaves to correspond, placed in the midst of a bunch of auriculas, composed of velvet, is much admired, as is also a bunch of roses of five or six different colours, with a small cockade of ribbon, or a bow and ends.

Chintz or plain sarsnet for the morning costume begin to supersede British materials. Morning dresses continue to be made in a very plain style; they are now tight to the shape, buttoned behind, and finished at the waist by a band of the same material as the dress; they come up to the throat, but have no collars. Flounces are once more universal; they are now worn very narrow, composed of the same material as the dress, but very close together, and scolloped at the edge. Three very narrow falls are placed round the bust, which give the appearance of a tippet. Sleeves are still made nearly tight to the arm, especially at the wrist, which is finished by a triple flounce to correspond with the skirt.

Morning *cornettes* are uniformly composed of muslin, and in general very becomingly made; they have a small dome crown, drawn in at top, and ornamented with bows of ribbon, both on the crown and in front on the forehead. A very narrow lace border, which goes round, passes under the chin, and is fastened with a knot of ribbon on one side.

Dinner costume has varied a little since my last, fine white merino cloth and plain sarsnet being now the materials most in requisition. The dresses most fashionable are those cut low round the neck and shoulders, and sloped down on each side of the bosom; and the *fichu*, which is still composed of *tulle*, is very full trimmed round the neck with lace. A double row of scolloped flounces, composed of the same material as the dress, is the only trimming worn in dinner dress. Many ladies wear only a puffing of blond round the bosom and sleeves of their dresses.

The elegant gauze dress I described to you in my last is still in high estimation for youthful *belles*. Crape, which has been little worn for some time past, is also in re-

quest; it is fashionable in crimson, blue, emerald green, and *coquelicot*, but it is still more fashionable in white. One of the prettiest full dresses I have seen, is a petticoat of white crape over white satin. The petticoat is trimmed round the bottom with five or six rows of crape, each edged with narrow white satin ribbon, and plaited very full: a similar trimming is put on about a quarter of a yard from the bottom. The body is of rose-coloured satin, made to fit the shape, without any fulness, and cut moderately low round the neck and shoulders; it just meets in front, and displays a white satin stomacher. The sleeve, composed of white crape, is very short, extremely full, and confined to the arm by bands of pink satin, placed across in a byas direction. Black or dark-coloured velvets are also much worn, and white satin is in general request with *belles* of all ages. Ermine, swansdown, and chenille mixed with ribbon, are all in estimation for trimming.

Tocques are still much worn, and wreaths of flowers, particularly roses, form a very favourite evening head-dress. For *grand* costume turbans are most in estimation. They are composed either of velvet or crape: in the former *coquelicot* and dark blue are the favourite colours; in the latter rose is in much request, as is also white. They are most superbly ornamented with diamonds or pearls, but there is nothing novel in their form.

The hair is still worn in full dress as described in my last, except that the hind hair is so disposed that a part of it appears as if it had escaped from the comb which confines it, and falls in ringlets on the neck. The Duchess of Berri, who has very beautiful hair, was the first to bring in this fashion, which is now very generally adopted.

Our warm furred shoes have lost something of their estimation. The most fashionable promenade shoe now is a high sandal, to correspond with the dress. *Coquelicot*, deep blue, and emerald green, are the colours most in estimation for velvets. In cloth, light blue and drab are considered most fashionable, and all the shades of rose-colour are worn in silks.

Coloured stones are very little worn in either full or half dress, but coral has lost nothing of its attraction. Adieu, my dear Sophia! believe me always most affectionately your

EUDOCIA.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SPEEDILY will be published, dedicated by permission to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, *The Home of Love*, a poem, by Mrs. Hen. Rolls, authoress of Sacred Sketches, Moscow, an address to Lord Byron, and other poems.

Early this month will be published a new *Grammar of the French Language*, by Charles Peter Whitaker, formerly of the university of Gottingen, professor of languages, on a plan perfectly original, intended for the use of those who wish to acquire a speedy and gram-

matical knowledge, without the unnecessary fatigue and perplexity of the old system.

In the press, and will be published in the course of a few days, *The Antidote to Distress;* containing observations and suggestions, calculated to promote the employment of the poor, the improvement of trade, and other public and private advantages.

Mr. White, author of The System of Farriery, is about to publish a compendious *Dictionary of the Veterinary Art;* containing an explanation of the terms used by writers on veterinary medicine and farriery; with a concise description of the diseases of horses and other domestic amimals, as well as of the medicines, operations, &c. proper for their diseases.

Poems by Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland, announced in some of our former numbers, are just ready for delivery. A specimen of this young lady's compositions is introduced into our poetical department.

A desideratum in our system of education, viz. an easy practical introduction to English composition, and to the tasteful reading of poetry, will soon issue from the press, under the title of *Æsop Modernised and Moralised,* in a series of instructive tales, calculated as reading lessons for youth, and followed by skeletons of the several tales, with leading questions and hints, constituting a simple and easy introduction to English composition; besides an appendix of Poetic Readings, with interlinear marks to every verse, pointing out the proper accentuation and pauses.

Mr. Adam Stark is engaged on a *History of Gainsborough,* with an account of the Roman and Danish antiquities in the neighbourhood; to be illustrated with a map and several other engravings.

Mr. John Nichols has nearly completed at press two volumes of *Illustrations of Literature*; consisting of Memoirs and Letters of eminent persons who flourished in the eighteenth century, intended as a sequel to The Literary Anecdotes; also a third volume, in 4to. of *Biographical Memoirs of Hogarth,* with illustrative essays and fifty plates.

Mr. W. Plees, many years resident in Jersey, will soon publish an *Account* of that island, with a map and four other engravings.

The Miscellaneous Works of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, are printing in five 8vo. volumes.

A volume of *Sermons* by the late Rev. Dr. Vincent, with an account of his Life by Archdeacon Nares, will soon appear.

The Rev. James Raine, of Durham, has undertaken the *History and Antiquities of North Durham,* as subdivided into the districts of Norhamshire, Islandshire, and Bedlingtonshire. It will be published uniformly with Surtees' History of the County, of which it may be considered as a portion.

The Rev. Thomas Bowdler has in the press, *Sermons on the Offices and Character of Jesus Christ.*

Mr. Booth, treasurer to the Childwall Provident Institution, will soon publish *A System of Book-keeping,* adapted solely for the use of Provident Institutions or Saving-Banks.

An Historical and Descriptive View

of the Parishes of Monk-wearmouth and Bishop-wearmouth, and of the Port and Borough of Sunderland, is preparing for publication.

Miss Mant, author of Caroline Lismore, has in the press, *Montague Newbury,* a tale, in two volumes.

An *Inquiry into the Effects of Spirituous Liquors* upon the physical and moral faculties of man, and their influence on the happiness of society, will soon appear.

The fifth volume of Hutchins' *History of Dorsetshire,* edited by Mr. Drew, is in the press. The last half of it will contain a complete parochial history of the county.

Mr. William Lancaster, in his lectures on Acoustics lately delivered before the Plymouth-Dock Literary and Philosophical Society, stated the following curious fact relative to an echo. When the bells of Stoke church ring, the echo of them only is heard at a particular spot on the Mill causeway, though the interval between that spot and the church, in a straight direction, is very trifling. He supposes the original sound to be transmitted by angles of incidence, first from the tower to the Military Hospital just opposite, thence across the water to the Naval Hospital, next to the Mill-buildings, and thence to the place of echo on the causeway.

Mr. James Stockton, of Malton, has found, from a long series of regular and diligent observations, that the horse-leech is an accurate prognosticator of the weather. He describes the peculiarities exhibited by one kept in a large phial covered with a piece of linen rag, three parts full of clear spring water, which is regularly changed twice a week, and placed in a room at a distance from the fire. In fair and frosty weather it lies motionless, and rolled up in a spiral form at the bottom of the glass; but before rain or snow, it creeps up to the top, where, if the rain will be heavy or of some continuance, it remains a considerable time; if trifling, it quickly descends. Before rain or snow accompanied with wind, it darts about with amazing celerity, and seldom ceases until it begins to blow hard. Previous to a storm of thunder and lightning, it is exceedingly agitated, and expresses its feelings in violent convulsive starts at the top or bottom of the glass. It is remarkable, that however fine and serene the weather may be; when not the least indication is given either by the sky, the barometer, or any other circumstance; if the animal ever quit the water or move in a desultory way, so certainly will the coincident results occur in 36, 24, or perhaps 12 hours: though its motions chiefly depend on the fall and duration of the wet, and the strength of the wind, of which in many cases it has been known to give a week's warning.—We have always been of opinion, that a proper attention to natural objects would furnish man with a far more useful weather-guide, than any that his boasted arts and sciences can enable him to construct.

Poetry.

THE ROSE AND THE LUTE,

From "THE NAIAD'S WREATH," a Collection of Poems,

By Mrs. M'MULLAN.

'TWAS not the lute, though touch'd by thee,
'Twas not the welcome kind and free,
That charm'd my list'ning ear;
'Twas not the hand that warmly press'd,
'Twas not the rose-bud love caress'd,
Call'd memory to her sphere!

No! 'twas the strain so artless sung,
On which my mute attention hung,
That woke the slumb'ring Muse:
Thus then, dear girl! you know the way
To tune my soul, and give the lay
Which love can ne'er refuse.

What idle finger bade depart
The rose-leaves from thy faithful heart,
Oh, Katherine! was it mine?
Was memory then absorb'd so much,
To let the wasteful finger touch
And spoil a sweet of thine?

Had then th' awak'ning strain once breathed,
Repentant memory would have wreathed
The rose-leaves on the lyre!
While such the power possess'd by thee,
Behold, "I fondly bend the knee,"
And freedom may expire.

Accept the flower that has been mine,
And place it in thy bosom's shrine,
It asks no other heaven!
When its last fragrance meets decay,
Wilt thou its parting requiem play,
And tell me I'm forgiven?

Should then a plaintive sadness swell
The string that speaks the last farewell,
Love's matin task shall be,
Some bud to bring more sweet and fair,
To give fresh perfume to the air,
To live and die with thee!

STANZAS,

Occasioned by seeing a Field Flower very late in Autumn.

By J. M. LACY.

Oft have I hail'd the earliest flow'r
That welcomed spring's returning hour,
With pleasure most sincere;
And shall not one that lingers late
Call forth a line to tell its fate,
As sinks the evening year?

Emblem thou art of age in man,
Lengthen'd beyond its usual span,
A solitary doom!
When all that blest his youthful day,
His wife, his friends, have pass'd away,
And sought the silent tomb!

Cheerless amid the world is he,
And all his comfort then must be
A world beyond the grave;
Whither he looks with anxious eye,
Whither he sends a prayer-fraught sigh,
To him whose arm can save.

A frost shall nip thy fragile form,
Or thou wilt perish 'mid the storm
That roars with angry breath:
The aged man must wither too;
A frost will come, he'll sink like you,
And lose his cares in death!

SONG,

By Mrs. WILMOT SERRES.

At eve the lily's head appears
Oppress'd by nature's dewy tears,
Weeping through the live long night,
Until the sun's returning light
Chases those pearly drops away,
That fall submissive to the day!
And thus, while others calm repose,
And balmy sleep their eyelids close,
I count the ling'ring hours in vain,
Oppress'd by grief, oppress'd by pain,
As Echo pale each sigh repeats,
And memory my despair completes!

MIDNIGHT SKETCH.

From Poems by Miss D. P. CAMPBELL.

The winds of heaven are hush'd and mild,
E'en as the breath of slumb'ring child!
The western breeze's balmy sigh
Breaks not the mist-wreaths as they lie,
Veiling the tall cliff's rugged brow,
Nor dimples the green waves below.
Such stillness round—such silence deep—
That Nature seems herself to sleep!
The full moon, mounted in the sky,
Looks from her cloudless place on high;
And trembling stars, like fairy gleams,
Twinkling their many-coloured beams,
Spangling the world of waters o'er
With mimic gems from shore to shore,
Till ocean, burning on the view,
Glows like another heaven of blue,
And its broad bosom, as a mirror bright,
Reflects their lucid path, and all the fields of light.

EXTRACT from "THE CRESCENT," a Poem to commemorate the Victory at Algiers.

By Mrs. M'MULLAN.

When roused to action steel'd is corsair-heart,
And wrath and carnage all their stings impart;
The crowded xebeque and their galley's crew
Ne'er spared a prow, nor one blest feeling knew.
Their pilot rapine, and their compass gain,
The dread, the scourge, of traders on the main;
Freighted with plunder, wet with Christian blood,
Unawed they roam'd, secure their turrets stood:
Beneath the Crescent bow'd the Christian slave,
Till torture quench'd the spirit of the brave.

'Twas thus unransom'd and in fetters brought,
From country torn, by every friend unsought,
Iberia's son received the slavish yoke
With pulse wild throbbing and his heart unbroke:
His noble soul no Janisary quell'd,
His eye glanced madly, and his spirit swell'd.
"A life like this is nature's deadliest pain;
Oh, tyrants! free me from this felon chain!
I bring no ransom, and I ask no grave,
But throw my mangled body to the wave."
A tear had started—but the scorching sigh,
Primordial, held it on the fever'd eye—
That sigh which spoke the measure of his woes,
That eye which vainly wish'd in death to close;
His arm in battle powerful and brave,
Doom'd now to wear the fetters of a slave;
His manly bosom, to the breezes bared,
Had throbb'd with glory, and had warriors dared.

The sun retired—the ocean-wave was calm—
The night advanced, but shed no opiate balm;
His mind a chaos in the brightest light,
His heart a tempest in the calmest night.
The stars gleam'd faintly, and the captive soon
Beheld the lustre of the midnight moon;
In speechless agony, he mark'd the ray
On the barr'd lattice of his prison play,
And scarcely wish'd to close those eyes in sleep,
Which proudly burn'd, but would not learn to weep.

From Canto II.

Britannia pointed to the Afric sea,
And bade her champions set the suff'ring free;
Call'd on illustrious Exmouth to prepare—
What deed in arms would not her Exmouth dare?

Ask other days, when mad, rebellious
France
Bade her proud squadrons to our shores
advance,
Whose hand first laid their varied stand-
ard low,
And oft repeated the destructive blow?
Braved Biscay's thunder in December's
blast,
And nail'd the red-cross to the shatter'd
mast?
Each honest heart, to Britain's glory true,
Thinks of those days, and shouts "Long
live Pellew!"

FROM THE FRENCH.

How sweet to behold the bright stream,
That graced with each delicate flower,
Soft whispers the soul to some fanciful
dream,
As it glides round this beautiful bower!
It wanders awhile from the grot,
And playfully gurgles—Farewell!—
But hurries soon back to revisit a spot
Where virtue and innocence dwell.

How wise and how happy are they,
That ne'er from thy borders have
stray'd,
Nor listen'd a sound that more grief could
convey,
Than the murmur thy waters have
made!
For here all the moments of life
Are pure as the waves on thy breast,
And as free as thy surface from tumult
and strife,
When the evening has hush'd thee to
rest.

OSCAR.

TO A MOSS-ROSE.

Thou sweetest charm of Nature's field,
"Can aught with thee compare?"
Thy lovely tints a fragrance yield;
Thy scent, ambrosial air;

Thy graceful bud a jewel seems,
When placed by Fancy's art
On some fair form, whose bosom gleams
With dew thy leaves impart.

HOMOGENES.

ABSENCE: A SONG.

Written, at the request of a Friend, by the author of THE AERIAL ISLES, or *The Visions of Malcolm.*

Ah! think on that evening, when o'er the
wide ocean
The last beams of day faintly gleam'd
to the view,
As from duty escaping, I flew with emo-
tion,
To bid you, my dearest Eliza, adieu!

The moon shone serenely to witness our
parting,
And as its bright beams gently danced
o'er the sea,
You swore by its light, while the fond
tear was starting,
That heart with love glowing should
beat but for me.

As I kiss'd those dear lips, the last signal
was given,
That tore me away, long your loss to de-
plore;
An exile from all that I prized under
heaven,
Consign'd by hard fate to a far distant
shore.

Next morn under sail, while the billows
were laving,
Each lessening object soon sunk on the
view,
I saw, for the last time, your lily hand
waving;
On the breeze came a sigh, 'twas a ten-
der adieu!

An age seems the time since the hour that
we parted,
Though six months of absence are
scarce past away—
Oh! come, my Eliza, for here broken-
hearted
Thy William still mourns, long to sor-
row a prey.

Can you think my affections are placed
on another?
Can you think that heart false which
beats only for you?
Oh! tell me you love me as fondly as ever,
For hope must still cheer if Eliza is true.

SONG,

In Imitation of a Song in Colonel P. Lovelace's "Lucasta," 1649, beginning "If to be absent were to be."

Say, Eloisa, lovely fair,
Why cruel care
Has stamp'd thy spotless brow
So deep, that even now,
While others joyfully beguile
The hours with revelry, thou scarce can'st smile.

While on the light fantastic toe
They thoughtless go,
Tho' in the mazy dance
Thy footsteps too advance,
A saint-like seriousness is spread
Above those eyes, whence mirth seems ever fled.

How blest were I, if that for me
That sigh might be,
Which marks the feeling soul;
And mine the look which stole
Unconscious from those orbs of light,
Whence dove-like mildness sheds its lustre bright!

But now dispel that holy gloom,
And in its room
Let joy this night be seen;
And let thy placid mien
Euphrosyne's bright livery wear,
While "mirth and music sound the dirge of care."

SONNET I.

Written in the Gardens at ———.

I well believe some Spirit lingers here—
Some Naïad, guardian of this sacred shade;
And that your tireless water-drop hath played
Her tinkling song from morn 'till evening sere.
Flowers for her couch of loveliest dye appear;
Grots for her bower in ivied state arrayed;
And at each pause that water-drop hath made,
The bird's wild melody awaits her ear.
Who art thou, Nymph, who deignest thus to dwell,
Queen of the grove, the lakelet, and the lawn?
With whom wilt thou compare?—Oh! I could tell
Of one as lovely as the morning's dawn,
Of one whom Nature never shall excel,
Nor Fancy form with fairy pencil drawn—
She, Nymph, is thy compare—she may pourtray thee well.

F. S. R. A.

SONNET II.

Ahi! null' altro che pianto al mondo dura.
Petr.

Where is my youth?—Go, musing wretch, and know,
Where sails the vapour now that, whilom, spread
His glittering skirts round yonder mountain's head,
In all the pride of morning's purple glow?——
Hark!—'twas the demon of the storm—and, lo!
In the black south is hung his wizard bed—
And thither is that laughing vapour fled,
The sport of every felon* blast below.

E'en thus my youth has pass'd— a little while
I gambol'd blithely in my orient ray,
For Love entranced me in a roseate smile;
But—when I 'woke, and looked in Wisdom's way,
Oh! knew I then the god's accursed guile,
And saw with tempest clothed the zenith of my day.

F. S. R. A.

* He asked the felon winds.—Milton's *Lycidas.*

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.